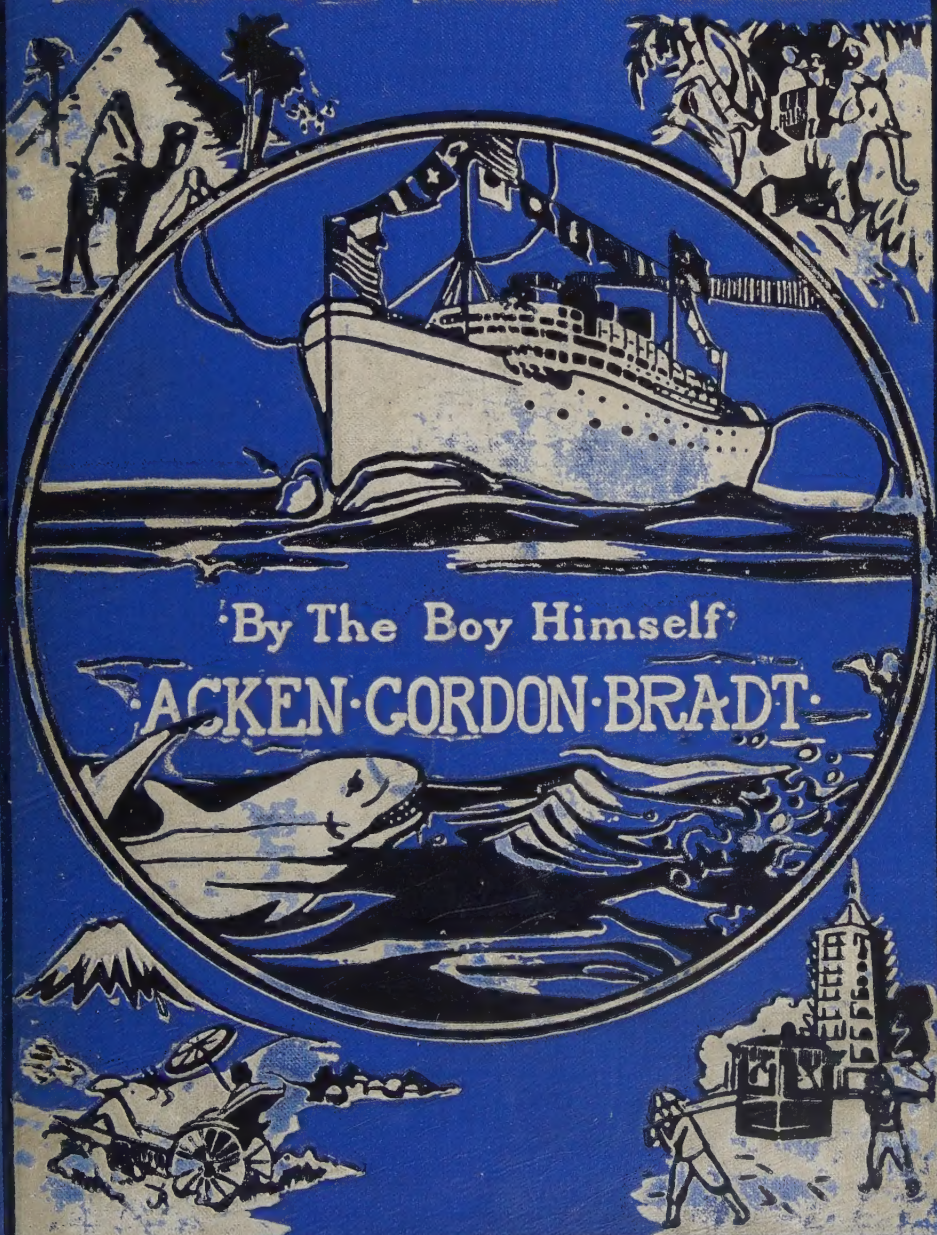
# A BOY'S EXPERIENCES AROVND THE WORLD



By The Boy Himself

ACKEN GORDON BRADT

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# A BOY'S EXPERIENCES AROUND THE WORLD

OUR PARTY: "After the world's been rounded." (Around the circle from left to right): Bob, Mrs. King; My Sister; Dr. Reherd; Dr. King; My Father; My Mother; My Brother Ed, (Wewe); Myself.

# A Boy's Experiences Around the World

**By the Boy Himself**

Acken Gordon Bradt

Illustrated with Pictures Taken Enroute

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*DEDICATED:*
*To My Mother*

U.C.20

## AN APOLOGY.

This is the place for it,—an apology,—the book needs it. It would not be complete without it. I would never have tried to write this book on my own accord. I was spurred on by the desires of my friends. So I made a stab to start, a weak stab it was, too. It was impossible to even imagine the word *"Finis,"* written at the end. If I ever thought I had literary genius, I dropped that thought when I attempted to write this book. "Surely," I said to myself, "of all the things we saw and experienced on a year's trip around the world, it will not be hard to find something to write about." But when I took hold of my pen and endeavored to display my bright ideas and literary talent on paper, my mind failed to act.

"A Trip Around the World!" Would I really ever have that opportunity? The opportunity came. I went. The profit and pleasure it brought are inexpressible. To see this old world in all of its branches and resources is great. I lost a year in school by going, but put

that year of school now beside that trip, and it is so small you can not see it with a powerful microscope. Travel is one of the biggest educational factors of the world. Each one of our party looks back on our experiences with perpetual pleasure and with a desire to go again, as I hope and intend to do some time.

But, you say, "It takes money to travel." Do not let that stop any young fellow who longs to go on a world trip. It can be made expensive, to be sure, but on the other hand by planning systematically and working your way to some extent, you can make the trip very cheap. And let me tell you that you will never regret it. The hardships you might endure will later be laughed at by you; a longing desire to go again will come to you when you think it over; and the sweet memory of it will abide with you always.

I hope this will bring encouragement to young fellows who dream of such a journey. Others who read this who have gone on such a trip will, I know, agree with me that it is a great experience and bring's many things into one's life that are greatly to be cherished.

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# OFF FOR IRELAND

THE COURSE OF THE PARTY AROUND THE WORLD

OUR HOME ON THE ATLANTIC: Anywhere between New York and Liverpool.

THE GREAT DECK GAME: It creates sharks.

## Chapter I

## OFF FOR IRELAND

ELL, so long!" "Have a good time!" "See you a year from now!" Thus came the cries from the wharf as the Cunard Liner, "Caronia," then the third largest steamer in the world, was slowly being towed away from the dock and out into the New York Harbor where her great screws began revolving never to stop until we would land at Queenstown, Ireland.

We were a party of nine, three men, three women and three boys. The men were H. W. Reherd, D. D., of Waterloo, Iowa; W. R. King, D. D., of Monmouth, Illinois, and my father, C. E. Bradt whose office is in Chicago. The women were Mrs. King, my mother, and my sister whose age was around twenty years. The three kids I will introduce as Bob, Wewe and Gor, three freaks from the American shore. The names

we were christened by were Robert King, Edwin Bradt, and Gordon Bradt. But, coming back to our natural names again, Bob was sixteen, Wewe my brother twelve, and I was fifteen. My brother, who was also called Ed, although only twelve, could scrap, play ball and do other things about as well as Bob and I, so that his younger age did not keep him from doing things with us. Well now, I wonder if I've introduced every body including myself? O yes, I never forget to take care of my own bones when anything so important as an introduction is going on. I never did like to introduce people, but I suppose if I write a book I have to name all the characters.

This party of nine was bound on a "Round the World" trip, not for pleasure,—although that is why we boys went along,—but to study the mission fields of the world. Now I know what's going to happen:—"BANG! WOW!" My reader, unless much interested in missions, slams the book on the floor and says, "Pooh! this book's going to be stale; all about the mission fields!" Well, reader, please hold on a minute till I explain. This book's not about

missions, but if we hadn't gone for the purpose of studying missions, I would not be able to relate about the little experiences we had with the missionaries in the jungles, and down the rivers, and in out-of-the-way places of the world.

We were a week on the Sea before we set foot on the Irish soil. We spent some of that time playing all sorts of deck games, like "Shuffleboard" and "Deck Quoits." The rest of the time we spent lying around in steamer chairs, huddled up in steamer rugs like a bunch of invalids.

The first thing we did when we landed at Queenstown was to go through the custom house with all baggage, or a better name for baggage would be "truck." "Got any tobacco, liquor, or weapons?" the custom house officer would ask us when we had deposited all our belongings, including even the tags on our grips, on the counter for inspection. It was sure a circus, the way the custom house officer rattled off that "Tobacco, liquor or weapons." It sounded as if he had said it almost as often as the kid at the ball game hollers out, "Cigars 'nd Chewin' gum," as he makes his way among the fans

selling his goods. As soon as we had waded our way through the customs, we boarded a little dinky runt of a train with the doors opening out at the sides, like animal cages, to go to Cork, the Capitol of Ireland.

Now I'm not going to write a book to help one of Cook's tourists wander around through ancient castles and cathedrals and send him on his way again sight seeing; so I'm not going to tell much about our trip through Ireland or Europe either, that has to do with sight seeing.

When we nine arrived at Cork, we went straight to Cook's Tourist Office, like other tourists do, then we got into one of those two wheeled bumping carts, commonly called jaunting carts, like other tourists do, and went out to old Blarney Castle, like other tourists do, and we were told all about its history, and who captured it, and who owns it now, just like other tourists were told, and other tourists probably heard the same old Irish poem about the Blarney Stone, which runs like this:—

**THE BLARNEY STONE.**

"There is a stone whoever kisses

BLARNEY CASTLE

JAUNTING CART: Ireland's touring car.

Sure, and he never misses to grow eloquent.
It is he who will clamber
To a lady's chamber
Or become a member of Parliament.
"A clever shouter he'll soon turn out, or
An out and outer to be let alone,
Don't hope to hinder him
Or to bewilder him:
Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone."

To my brother Edwin we must give the credit of kissing the Blarney Stone. As the Castle is fully one hundred feet in height, few people are brave enough or can be persuaded to kiss the stone. My brother was let down head first through the hole at the top, our guide holding him by one foot, and my Father holding the other. In that position my brother leaned a little over to one side until,—"Smack!"—he and the Blarney Stone had met. To him and to him only of our party is due the credit of performing this wonderful act. Bob remarked that he would rather kiss something nearer the ground than that; and I told my mother that if she wanted to take the chance of sacrificing me in the attempt, I would do it, but she did not.

The Castle was built in the year 1446. It fell into the hands of Cromwell when he captured that part of the country. It is now held by one of Cromwell's descendents whose name is Coltherst. He also owns about 25,000 acres of the surrounding country. The grounds around Blarney Castle are very pretty. Everything was green, even the trunks of the trees. The Castle and ruins are half covered by green ivy. In the Castle are dungeons and cells and secret passage ways.

As we rode along through the beautiful rolling country of Ireland, we studied the small tenant farms and the little hovels the Irish peasants call their homes. The dirty huts are not much better than the Chinese residences, as the pigs sleep in the parlor and the chickens as near to it as they can get. It is a shame and a disgrace the way these Lords and Barons who own so much of the Irish land have gradually beaten the Irish peasants out of everything they have had. But now, just recently, a law has been passed whereby the owners are compelled to sell their lands to the Irish peasants when they are able to buy.

THE BRIDGE ON KILLARNEY LAKE: "Built four days before creation."

HERE is an illustration and story which brings out the character of many of these landlords. It also illustrates some of the superstitious ideas of the Irish people:—

**The Ghost Story of Jeffrey Lynch—a Hated Landlord.**

The estate of Jeffrey Lynch is adjacent to the old church ruins of Aghadol. In fact, those ruins which are reported to be the oldest church ruins in Ireland,—existing from the time of the 6th Century,—may still be located on the grounds of this ill reputed landlord who treated his tenants so badly that his name became a synonym for cruelty everywhere. His evicted tenants were subjects of pity not only on earth but in heaven and hell. Finally the unfeeling landlord died, and his spirit went up to the gate of heaven where St. Peter met him and said:—

"Jeffrey Lynch, there is no place for you here. Go farther down."

He then came back to earth and travelled over every sea to each and every port, but nowhere would they allow him to land.

He then went down to the lowest pit

where Judas keeps the gate. But Judas said:—

"Jeffrey Lynch, we cannot admit you here. If we should let you in you would turn all the rest of us out, as you evicted your poor tenants. Here is a box of matches and some brimstone. Go back to earth; create a hell for yourself on your old estate."

So each night now, between twelve and one o'clock, Jeffrey Lynch may be seen by any who will take the trouble to be about his old tumbled down place at that witching time of night,

"When church yards yawn, and hell itself
Breathes forth contagion to this world of ours."

At Killarney, Ireland, we spent a day riding through the Gap of Dunloe on ponies, and returning on the beautful Killarney Lakes. "That bridge there," said our boatman, as we glided under the bridge referred to, "was built four days before creation." "Oh go on!" said my brother Wewe, who, for a moment, thought the man was in earnest; "You're stuffin' us."

The next morning we left Killarney for Dublin, where lo, and behold! we

The Home of John Knox, Edinburgh

ORANGEMAN'S DAY—THE ULSTERS ON PARADE

ran up against "dear King George," of England, who had come over to Ireland to see how loyal "Pat" and "Mike" were to the Crown. And do you know, after we had once run across His Majesty, he liked us so well that he followed us half around the world. He arrived in Edinburgh a day or two after we did; and then we had only been in India a week when along came His Royal Nibs to proclaim himself Emperor of that wonderful country we were traveling through.

Arriving in Belfast at 1 A. M., we ran up against another celebration. It was Orangeman's Day and the Irish kids had begun celebrating already for fear they could not make noise enough when the whole town would begin to celebrate at daylight. It reminded us boys of Halloween to see those kids going around the streets raising a rough house at midnight.

"Say, when's Halloween?" I asked.

"The last of October," said Bob.

"And what country will we be in at that time?"

"Turkey."

"The Turks don't have Halloween, do

they?" chimed in Wewe; "Course they don't," he added ruefully.

"Oh well," we all agreed, "it will be worth two Halloweens to be in Turkey at that time."

Orangeman's Day is celebrated only by the Protestants, commemorating the day on which the Prince of Orange whipped the Irish Catholics on the Boyne River. The parades we saw that day were two and three miles long. The parade consisted of men carrying big banners with pictures of great men on them, thousands of Orangemen marching in line, all kinds of bands, Scotch Highlanders blowing on bag pipes, and drummers with big drums that were loud enough to make a red haired Irish cat go mad.

Leaving Belfast, we took a train to Larn, there taking a boat for "Bonnie Scotland."

## SIGHT-SEEING A TIRESOME PROCEEDURE

## Chapter II

## SIGHTSEEING A TIRESOME PROCEDURE

BEFORE I proceed further with detailed experiences on our trip in Europe and elsewhere, I want to say something about "sight seeing," a task we had to contend with all over the world. Any person traveling, no matter in what part of the world, for the first time, is always persuaded, no matter what business he is on, to spend a considerable time seeing some of the great sights of the world. A week or two spent in seeing the sights is always enjoyable, but after three or four months of sight seeing, it gradually gets to be, instead of enjoyabe, a tiresome procedure.

After you have reached this stage in sight seeing, it then takes some nerve, let me tell you, to continue seeing more sights, however great. Every once in a while you will probably say,—

"Well, this is the last sight I am go-

ing to see. I simply can't stand this trotting around any longer behind the heels of the sight seeing guides and studying tourist books for information on how to get to such and such a sight."

But you will think again and take back all you said before, declaring,—

"Why, I can't afford to miss these great sights after traveling so far to see them, and I wouldn't think of going home without being able to say, 'Yes, oh yes, I saw those great sights!' "

Still, after you have reached this stage, the greatest sights in the world fail to excite you, such as St. Peter's Cathedral, the Coliseum, the Forum, the Tower of London, the battlefield of Waterloo, the great art galleries of the world, the great mosques of the Mohammedan lands, sacred places of the Holy Land, the great pyramids of Egypt, Taj Mahal of India, the great wall of China, Confucius' Temple and grave, and so on. On approaching all these and other great sights I was not excited or eager to see them. I had supposed I would be, before going on the trip. As I saw the wonders of the world, I looked upon them as calmly and unconcerned as if I had lived right by

the side of them all my life.

Entering the different great art galleries of Europe we boys wandered around, took a stretch and a gawk at the different master paintings of the world, nodded our assents to the complimentary remarks about the paintings made by the people around us, until we wished that Raphael had never been born, and that Van Dyck had been a preacher instead of an artist. We then made for the nearest seats.

"Say!" began Wewe, "where are we going this afternoon?"

"To some cathedral, or do another art gallery," answered Bob.

"Don't tell me!—I'm not going," he added. "I'm going to stick around the hotel. I'm—"

"Gordon and Edwin!" came the voice of my mother from one of the galleries. "Come and see this famous painting by Peter Paul Rubens."

"Robert!" sang out Mrs. King, "come and see one of Peter Paul Rubens' famous paintings!"

"Down with Peter Paul Rubens!"

"Hang his dear old neck!" we said to ourselves as we proceeded toward the famous painting.

The cathedrals we explored from the crypt to the towers, learned how old they were, how much the stained windows cost; how long it took to build the cathedrals; how many people worked on them; how many more years they would stand, and so on.

No sir! Let me tell you, sight seeing is an abominable nuisance. Anybody planning to go abroad to see the great sights of the world, will find it no vacation, but on the other hand, strenuous work.

But now, after saying all this against sight seeing, I want to say a few words in favor of it. I don't want to pounce upon and run down sight seeing until I would make people think it would be a disgrace to mankind to be seen trotting around after a Cook's Tourist Guide. I would not have missed all that sight seeing and visiting all those old castles and cathedrals, and abbeys, and art galleries, and museums, for anything in the world, and for similar reasons thousands of Americans go to Europe every year, spending last year over $400,000,000 in sight seeing. Over 2,000 people went around the world last year for study, sight seeing and business.

THROUGH THE TROSSACKS

# THROUGH BONNIE SCOTLAND AND MERRY ENGLAND

THE OLD BRIG-A-DOON

BURNS' COTTAGE

## Chapter III

## THROUGH BONNIE SCOTLAND AND MERRY ENGLAND.

THE first night in Scotland was spent in Ayr; and the following day was spent in seeing various places connected with the life of Robert Burns, such as the Tam O'Shanter Inn, Burn's Monument, the Old Brig-a-doon, the Old Kirk, and Burn's Cottage. Tam O'Shanter Inn is, according to Burns, the place where Tam used to come and get drunk. Back of the Inn, we saw the place where Tam always tied his horse. One night, you remember, the old Boy got a little too boozy and started on his wild night ride with the witches after him. It happened as follows:—

Going down the road from the Inn, he passed the Old Kirk, which is still standing, but in ruins. The old guide with the wooden leg, who shows you around, will point out to you the same

window Tam looked through that night when he saw the witches dancing in the Old Kirk. In the yard around the Old Kirk are buried Burns' father and mother and Tam O'Shanter's fast friend, Johnnie Souter.

Tam, perceiving that the witches had seen him looking through the window, jumped on his horse and beat it like a freight train down the road, with the witches in hot pursuit. Crossing the Old Brig-a-Doon, he barely escaped with his life, while his horse, forever afterward, suffered intensely from the flies, always wishing for the tail that was hanging on the wall of the witches' kennel. The Old Brig, still standing, is tattooed all over with numerous names and initials.

Well, of course, from Ayr, we saw many of the sights of Scotland, such as Loch Lomond, the Trossachs, Rob Roy haunts, Stirling Castle. At Edinburgh, the city was gorgeously decorated for our arrival (?) and so, two days later, when dear little King George came strutting into town, the decorations were beginning to hurt the eyesight of the people. They stood these tiresome decorations a day longer to let His

ALLOWAY KIRK: Where Tam saw the witches.

Majesty take a squint at them and then, (of course we had already left that stale burg), ripped them down at the rate of several miles a minute.

The next place that broke the monotony a trifle was Melrose, where, having been settled at the Abbey Hotel about fifteen minutes, the old lady, righteously called the landlady, but who was nicknamed by us, Queen Elizabeth, tried very unceremoniously to rout us out of her establishment because we wouldn't take meals with "drinks" in her dump. But the fight, after nine rounds (there were nine of us) was decided in our favor, and we stuck,—until we got ready to go.

Melrose Abbey is one of the most remarkable and distinguished works of art I have yet seen. The Abbey, of course, is in ruins, on account of its old age and because the English soldiers partly destroyed it. The first thing the guide said, as we went into the Abbey grounds, was that no two things about the Abbey are alike. Every little carving, every arch, every part of it is different. The guide also said that you could spend years and years studying the Abbey and not know it.

He remarked that he had spent forty years in the place and he did not yet know it. The carvings and architecture all over the Abbey are wonderful. There are all sorts of different carvings, of faces, animals and flowers. The old monks probably worked a whole lifetime on one little carving. At one end of the Abbey are two carvings of two figures playing the violin and mandolin, which shows that they used those instruments in the olden times. On one side of the Abbey, near the roof, is a pig playing on a bag pipe. Among the carvings of people's heads, is a smiling face. A smiling face is said to be one of the hardest things to sculpture. One of the peculiar things of the Abbey is the head of a negro carved out in one corner. The guide showed us the place where Robert Bruce's heart is buried. The ground around the Abbey is used for the burying of the dead. Scores of monks are buried side by side only ten or eleven inches under the ground.

From Melrose, after a visit to Sir Walter Scott's old home at Abbottsford, we went across the border to Merry England where they "hawve to hawve their tea at three o'clock sharp or die";

MELROSE ABBEY.

and where they talk the English "lawnguage, awnd" dress the English style. After being and meeting with English people all over the world, I never want to hear any one say that the Americans speak the English language. I am certainly glad I was born in America. "Whew! Whooppee!!" When I think how I might have been born in England and been an Englishman it makes me sweat bucketsful and thank my stars I was born a Yankee. I had only been in London a day when, on walking down the principal street of that largest city in the world, and comparing the little sheds, called buildings in London to the sky scraper of New York, I heard the soft falsetto voice of a young Englishman addressing me:—

"I say, chawp, I fawncy you are a Yawnkee."

"You bet I'm a Yankee," I said aloud; and under my breath: "You overgrown tooth pick, I cawn't fawncy you being anything else but a lord or a baron."

Among the various interesting places and scenes we visited in England, before striking London, was Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare, and Kenilworth Castle. The house of

Shakespeare was very interesting. One of the most interesting rooms in the house is that one in which he was born. The walls and ceiling are covered with thousands of signatures. Among the signatures are those of Sir Walter Scott, Browning and Carlisle; Dickens and Thackeray also wrote their names there, but they have been almost rubbed out. The room contains Shakespeare's old desk,—about the only piece of furniture, belonging to him, that is left. His Library room contains many old books and pictures. The house is surrounded by beautiful lawns and gardens.

When going through the town of Stratford-on-Avon we passed by the old "Red Horse Inn' where Irving stopped when visiting there, and where he writes about how he felt like a petty king in one of those rooms of the Inn, when seated by the fire place.

The rooms of Kenilworth Castle were very interesting to us boys because they showed how those ancient castles were built. The ruins were the result of Cromwell's work. A big stone wall surrounds the castle about a quarter of a mile from the main part. The Castle is divided into different towers and

KENILWORTH CASTLE AND DR. KING IN PERFECT BLISS

in the towers are cells and dungeons where they used to keep the prisoners. In one part of the castle, a ruined wall surrounds a place once probably covered by a roof, which was most likely used as banquet hall. The castle of course is surrounded by a moat which is now dry.

From Kenilworth, we headed for London to see what kind of a hang out they had there. London, you will have to admit, is a great city. Like New York, you could spend oceans of time there, and do nothing but gawk around. The omnibuses are far more common than street cars. There are no elevated railways, but the underground railways run from 50 to 100 feet below the ground. A few of the great sights of the city are:—The Tower; the British Museum, where the famous Rosetta Stone roosts; the National Art Gallery; Buckingham Palace where the King of England hangs out;—though you seldom see his royal head hanging out of a window when you pass the palace for a squint at his majesty; Westminster Abbey; Parliament buildings; St. Paul's Cathedral, and Trafalgar square where the Nelson Monument is standing erected

for one of the greatest Naval commanders who ever fought on water; although they will have to own up that Paul Jones and a few other Yankee commanders have got him beat.

London also holds the home of the founder of the Y. M. C. A. The man who organized it was Sir George Williams. It was organized in the year 1844, and Sir George Williams died in the year 1906. When he died he left his house in the hands of the Y. M. C. A, and it has now been used about six years as the National Headquarters.

There are only about four hundred Y. M. C. A.'s in Great Britain and Ireland, while America has over two thousand associations. My brother asked one of the men at the headquarters of the Y. M. C. A. in London if they had a swimming pool, (for the purpose probably of taking advantage of it if they had) ; but he said they had no swimming pool or gymnasium yet. Pretty poor for London, don't you think?

# YOUNG YANKIES ON THE CONTINENT

## Chapter IV

## YOUNG YANKEES ON THE CONTINENT

OT any rum-be-gosh?" That is what it sounded like to us when the customs officer came into our train apartment, when on our way to Paris.

"Got any what?" we asked bewilderingly.

"Got any rum-be-gosh?" This time the officer spoke angrily.

"My dear little Frenchman," we answered politely, "if you will kindly say what you mean in United States, we will tell you without pay whether you've got chicken pox or the seven-year-itch."

Finally, catching on that we did not understand what he said, he made a cup of his hands and, by pretending to drink, we understood that he wanted to know if we had any liquor in our "baggage."

"No, be-gosh, we haven't any rum,"

we answered, shaking our heads.

He then made as if he was going to cut off his own head with his forefinger.

"Oh, please, sir, don't do anything so rash as that," we pleaded. "You won't live to keep your beloved country from swimming in rum! No, we are not a band of cut throats," we added, knowing that by his action he wanted to know if we carried weapons. Taking our word for it, he left us without having us open any of our baggage.

The next minute our train rolled into the station of Paris. We piled all our luggage on the platform in the artistic shape of an Egyptian pyramid and then looked around us helplessly.

"Where do you think we're going," asked Ed of me.

"Ask that lamp post over there and it will give you my opinion on the subject," I answered.

My father, Dr. Reherd, Dr. King and my sister, who understood French a little, approached a nearby taxicab driver standing by his taxi. We boys followed to try to find out where we were bound. "Can you take us to the

THE DOM CATHEDRAL, BERLIN

HOLLAND WINDMILL

Prince Albert Hotel?" one of the men asked.

"Moi, je ne comprends pas anglais, messieurs. Ou est l'hotel? Je ne le sais pas. Que diable! Diantre! Que dites-vous?"

"What's that you're trying to spit out?"

"He is telling us that he doesn't know English and he doesn't know what you are saying," interpreted my sister.

"Well, why didn't he say that so we could understand and not take an hour of our valuable time sputtering around," laughed Dr. King.

My sister then tried to explain to him in French where we wanted to go. He finally understood and, calling another taxi, our luggage and ourselves were at last piled in and we were driven to the Prince Albert Hotel. Alas, we landed in a dirty Paris side street, a genuine alley, under the shadows of what looked to be an annex to the Hull House. As it was towards evening, we stayed at the Prince Albert Hotel all night. The landlady was a Jewess and could smoke like a factory. There was about as much smoke came out of her trap in a day as proceeds from an engine smoke

stack on its way from New York to San Francisco.

The next morning, we moved to another hotel and then started out to see the sights of the city. We spent a week in Paris seeing sights such as the Louvre, Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, Grand Opera, Madeline Church, Pantheon, Tomb of Napoleon, and the Bastille. It was just after we left Paris that that great picture from the Louvre suddenly disappeared. Of course, naturally, they ought to know who took it, but they never suspected us at all.

The Louvre contains some of the most wonderful paintings and pieces of sculpture in the world.

The Eiffel Tower in Paris is the highest structure in the world. It was built for the World Fair in 1889, and it is almost one thousand feet in height. At the top of the Tower is a wireless station that sends messages as far as Canada.

The tomb of Napoleon, the great Emperor, is placed in the Church of the Invalides. This Church has a fine, magnificent dome that is visible from any part of the city. Under the dome, in a large circular crypt, is the Tomb of

Napoleon, the largest and finest tomb in the world. It is a reddish brown granite thirteen feet long, fourteen feet high and six feet wide, resting on a pedestal of polished green stone. This coffin was cut from one solid block in the quarries of Sweden and brought to Paris at an enormous expense. Inscribed on the tomb are these words: "I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French people whom I have ever loved."

"Well," said Wewe one morning at breakfast, "I'm ready to clean out of Paris and head for the next place. What about yourselves."

"You've got my idea exactly," I answered.

"Ditto," answered Bob.

It happened that our folks were planning to clean out too, and so clean out we did, as soon as we could pack up. As usual, when we left the hotel, all the servants lined up for tips and we had to take care of every one of them, as we later did everywhere we went. One time, a traveler was about to leave a hotel, and all the servants lined up for a hand out. He went down the line,

shook hands with each one of them, said good-bye and left. But he was not to get out of that hotel so easily. One of the servants managed to put a mark on his grip and so when he arrived at the next hotel he had planned to stop at, the servants wouldn't do a thing for him because they had seen that mark on his grip and knew what it meant. I tell you, those fellows have got their business down pat.

The next few hours saw us in Belgium, wandering around the streets of Brussels. The most interesting place we rubbered at there was the Brussels Museum where so many fine paintings by Peter Paul Ruben, Van Dyck, and Jordaens are kept.

The next day we made a visit to the old battle ground of Waterloo, where the great general Napoleon met his defeat. We climbed up to the top of the brick pyramid built there, where we got a bird's eye view of the whole battle field. There is now being erected on the old grounds a large fine brick structure where, when finished, will be played and acted the Great Battle of Waterloo.

Well, that's enough said on Belgium

THE LION OF LUCERNE

THE LION MOUND OF WATERLOO: Marks site of World's greatest Battle.

I can't dwell a year on nothing.

Holland came next, one of the finest little countries in Europe. At The Hague perches the Peace Palace, where the world tries to make peace, but don't succeed. I expect at those peace conferences, the conferences are carried on so peacefully and affectionately that some old war veteran with red blood in him feels like getting up and bawling out: "Come on, boys, at 'em, fight for your country, eat 'em alive; let's see some blood spilled. Show your patriotism. Now come on. Charge!"

One day in Holland was spent going up the Zand river into the little Dutch villages lying along the river and by the canals. We saw over 400 Dutch windmills on the trip. Walking through the little villages we saw the Dutch children hobbling along in their wooden shoes, the little women sitting out in front of their small shops knitting, and men lying around the boat houses smoking or eating.

Among the villages we went through was Zaandam, where we saw the old house of Peter the Great, in which he lived while studying ship building in Holland.

The first city visited in Germany was Cologne where the great Cologne Cathedral is situated, and also where slot restaurants are numerous. While staying at Cologne we boys would always take our meals at the slot restaurants. With a phenig,—worth 2½ cents,—you can get a hand out consisting of sausage, mashed potatoes, and gravy, just by dropping the coin in the slot.

From Cologne, we journeyed up the river Rhine, viewing old castles and forts on all sides of the river. We saw beautiful cultivated farms right on the side of the hills arranged in terraces. In the afternoon our boats came to a narrow place in the river where a high, big rock called the Lorelei rock is situated. A little farther on we saw a large statue which we learned was put up by the Germans in commemoration of their victories over the French in 1870. Towards evening we arrived at Mainz, the end of the beautiful trip on the Rhine.

It was at Mainz where the great inventor of movable type was born. Although the house in which Gutenberg was born is not in existence, we saw

his monument. Beginning with Mainz we visited a string of towns which were in some way connected with great men: Eisenach, where the great musician Bach was born and where Luther spent his boyhood days; Erfert where Martin Luther studied and taught, and Wittenburg, the home of Martin Luther.

"Well," I exclaimed, after we had been to all these places and were on our way to Berlin, "All that I can say is, that I'm glad I wasn't born in any of them."

"If you had been, I wouldn't want to be seen in your company," remarked Wewe.

Bob mumbled something about travelling with a jack rabbit.

"Say, if you ginks don't like the atmosphere I create, go journey back to Paris and you will be rid of me there. Don't fear that I'll ever strike that ranch again."

"Here's Berlin," remarked Bob as the train rolled in the station. "Let's get out and see what the fourth largest city in the world looks like."

"You didn't mean to think for a minute that I was going to stop at Berlin did you? Why, I bought a through tick-

et to Switzerland." But I was off the train before I had quit talking.

As soon as we had gotten settled at Fraulein Fritz's Pension, we went out to see Berlin. We headed straight for the Palace to make a call on the Kaiser. Although we did not see the Kaiser, we went through the Palace. On entering the Palace, we were made to put on soft slippers.

"Huh, going to shoe us, are they?" grunted Bob.

"As if our hoofs weren't as royal and pure as that big lubber of a Kaiser's," Wewe exclaimed.

"Now, children," I put in, "don't try to tell me that the Kaiser is doing you little boys a wrong. On the contrary, he showed remarkable good sense and behavior. It would have been a pity if your unworthy soles had touched this royal floor. They would have to put in new floors and—"

"This way, please," the guide bawled out and we followed without further conversation.

Room after room we were taken through; they almost dazzled us, they were so magnificent. Here and there were things made out of solid gold or

solid silver. In one room a whole side of a wall was taken up with sets of plates, cups, and saucers, all made out of solid gold.

"This," explained the Guide, as we were standing under a magnificent chandelier with over a hundred lights, "is the chandelier which Luther stood under when he spoke at the Diet of Worms."

"No wonder that town's so wormy," Wewe piped out.

"Now, now, don't say anything against Martin Luther. He was a great man," I replied solemnly.

On the walls of every room were fine pictures costing thousands of dollars.

The Kaiser's stables are almost as luxurious as the palace. The stables contained some of the finest horses I had ever seen. There were carriage horses, horses for royal guests, hunting horses, favorite saddle horses, the Emperor's favorite military horse, and the white horse rode by the Emperor to Jerusalem, which was born in 1895. Altogether the Kaiser has over 380 horses. Besides the horses, there are all kinds of fine carriages and sleighs. It takes over 320 stablemen to take care

of the stables and they are all employed by the King.

We spent one afternoon in Berlin in taking a large sight-seeing carriage and riding through Berlin, going on the principal streets. On the ride, among many things we saw, were the Reichstag, Statues of Empress and Emperor, Victoria and William, their garden containing 600 acres, emblems of victory which line the main streets of Berlin, zoological gardens, Exhibition Hall, High Court House, home of General Bismarck, Engineer's School, Musical Theatre, Soldier's Barracks, Great Star Square, 60 different Beer Gardens, Column of Victory, Museum, sixteen University Hospitals, Mining Academy, Stock Exchange, Dom Cathedral, Bank of Industry and Business, Opera House and the Mint. There is a street in Berlin 22 miles long, called Bismarck St.

"Let's go to the next place," said Ed. "I've seen enough of Berlin. Where do we go next?"

"Switzerland," answered Bob.

"All right, let's go to the mountains. Hurry up. Get your duds gathered together. Buy your ticket. Whoop! Bang! All aboard! We're off!"

GORNER GLACIER

# MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN SWITZERLAND

THE MATTERHORN.

## Chapter V

## MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN SWITZERLAND

"WELL, this is a great sight!" We were all on top of the Gorner Grat, looking at that wonderful, immense mass of snow and ice,—the Gorner Glacier. A few days before we had arrived in Switzerland. We had been to Interlaken, Lucerne, Geneva, and Montreux, and the day before had landed at Visp.

Lucerne reminded me of Manitou, Colorado, although Manitou is not situated on a lake. Lucerne is built at the end of Lake Lucerne right among and in the mountains. Hundreds of Americans come there to spend the summer every year, and also a great many people from all over Europe. The most interesting thing to see in Lucerne is the Lion of Lucerne carved out of one solid piece of rock. It commemorates the bravery of the Swiss soldiers in defending the King of France at the time

of the Revolution. The Lion has an arrow stuck through his side and is dying with his paw guarding the French shield. The features and shape of the Lion are almost perfect.

At Geneva we boys and my father spent a day climbing Mount Saleve. But we did more crawling than we did climbing, being on our hands and knees a great part of the time. About half way up the mountain we came to a great cave in the side of the mountain that had two entrances. We went in one entrance and came out another. Of course that was the natural way. Ed was the first to come out of the cave and then he let out a shout:—

"For the love of Mike! we sure have arisen since we entered that cave. We are right in the clouds, and you can't see the blumin' earth anywhere."

He was right. We were at last on the road to Paradise. From there to the top we crawled along the ridges, all tied to one rope and holding on like we feared we were actually going to take a visit to the earth again. When we had reached the top and were hungry enough to eat the mountain we were standing on, we looked in our knapsacks

CHILLON CASTLE: On Lake Geneva, Switzerland.

for the eats and lo, and behold, no matter how long we searched, we could find nothing more than a little messy, slippery sardine and a handful of "manna" apiece. When we each had eaten our morsel apart, it had little effect on our appetite, as you can observe by what Wewe said:

"Say, you guys think you're smart by jippin' me. Who's got the tail belonging to my sardine?"

"The tail? Why, you simp, you've eaten it."

"I have? Why I couldn't possibly have done that. I don't feel like I've even touched any of my sardine yet. Are you sure you haven't got it? I guess it's true: it's gone where I will never see it again."

"Well," remarked Bob as we were sitting on the crest of Mt. Saleve looking at the numerous snow capped peaks all around us. "This certainly is a great sight, but let's not sit here, gaping like a bunch of apes. Let's use a little Boy Scout tactics and have a stalking game." And stalk we did for about an hour, crawling like ants on the ground on the sides of mountains and hills around us to keep from being caught.

"I guess it's about time for this bunch to be starting down for the earth again," remarked my father, after we had fooled around for about three hours.

"A beefsteak to an apple core that I beat you crums to the town," challenged Bob.

"You're on," Ed and I shouted, and we headed downward.

That night when we got back to the hotel you can bet we ate everything on the bill of fare.

But I am leaving us too long gazing at the hunk of ice by the Gorner Grat. A few hours before, my father, Dr. Reherd, Ed, and I were trudging up towards the top of the Gorner Grat. There is something about mountain climbing that never grows tiresome. The trail led in and out and up among the mountains. Presently looking up I shouted:

"Behold, to the right, tilting your chin upward a bit and looking a trifle crosseyed, you will observe the Great Matterhorn!"

It was a sight which is a rare picture to the eye,—seeing that great mountain Horn covered with snow, towering above all the other mountains around

and making one think of some Chinese idol with its steep, stone side and its top bent over as if commanding "Der Welt."

Reaching the top of Gorner Grat, we met the rest of our party. They had come up on the cog railroad. We were all amazed at the wonderful scene before us, the Gorner Glacier, spread out in all its glory, with its different morains. We all studied it for quite a while, and looking through big telescopes at other mountains around us we could see people climbing in various places, holding or to ropes and using their sharp pointed alpine sticks.

"Well," remarked Dr. Reherd, "I guess those of us who are traveling through life with our legs better start downward, as the others are getting on the train ready to descend."

"Let's try and beat that junk of a train down," exclaimed Ed. "It's got to wind around the mountains about thirty thousand times. What do you call that figure of speech? Hyperbole?"

"Correct,' I answered, "but I'm with you on that proposition of yours. Let's get started."

And so leaving the men to come on

at their leisure we headed downward. We had agreed not to follow the trail at all but just hit straight down to the bottom. Once on level ground, I would be at home again, being raised in Kansas, and could somehow find our way back to the station, where we would get the train for Visp. We hit some pace, believe me. Once we got started there was no use trying to stop. Down, down, down we went now and then colliding with a pine tree, which of course fell before us, but we couldn't stop to see how much we had injured it. Finally Wewe shouted behind me:—

"Sa-a-y, fa-ll down, er d-o-o something, so I c-can ru-un into you. I'm going l-like Barney Olefield's speed roadster!"

The next minute I tripped and fell down, as was his wish, but it didn't stop or slacken my speed any. I, on the other hand, increased my speed and travelled at the rate of 100 miles an hour. Another hyperbole. Going at that terrible speed, I shouted:—

"Good-bye, my good lad. See you later in Hong Kong."

At last I struck a level road near the bottom of the mountain and my jour-

ON GORNER GRAT: Amid Alpine glacier snows, just before we started on our slide to Hongkong.

ney came to an abrupt end, jarring me so that the milk I had drunk at the hotel on top of the mountain at once turned to a delicious milk shake.

When I had recovered from my shock, I heard a thundering noise above me and the next instant,—swish, swash, snap,—bang! Wewe had arrived in my presence.

"Sorry," he remarked, after he had regained his breath, "but I just had to accompany you on your way to Hong Kong."

We were now near the bottom, and so getting up we set about to complete our journey, but judging each step carefully. When we arrived at the station we learned that we had lost the race by just one minute.

"Too bad," we both sorrowfully remarked. "If we had not hit that road, thereby checking our speed, we could have beaten them by an hour."

About twenty minutes later the two men arrived, with their clothes torn and themselves sore and stiff. They had come straight down the mountain as we did and had had similar experiences. We spent the night at Visp and the next morning boarded the train for

Italy. On our way we passed through a tunnel twenty miles in length which affected our breathing apparatus considerably, especially riding in one of those small boxed up compartments on a little runt of a train belonging to Italy.

The next day we arrived in Venice, —the wet burg. Again depositing our truck on the platform, we looked around for a horse and four wheels. All at once we remembered there were none, and so walked out of the station to the Grand Canal, where a regular gasoline launch, in the same service as a street car, took us and our luggage down the Grand Canal to the hotel. The following night I spent in fighting mosquitoes and wishing Venice was off the map. Towards morning, after finally getting to sleep, I was awakened by Ed standing over me looking like he had just had the chickenpox.

"Say," he shouted, "got any Mentholatum? The mosquitoes very nearly finished me last night. They won't want another meal for a considerable length of time."

# UNDER ITALIAN SKIES

## Chapter VI

## UNDER ITALIAN SKIES

VENICE is a great city. It is built on a cluster of small islands in a lagoon. This lagoon is separated from the Adriatic Sea by a long, narrow sand bank. The main water street or canal of the city is called the Grand Canal which winds through the city in a double curve; up and down this canal there is manipulated a small steamboat line which corresponds to a street car line in one of our cities. The boats run every ten minutes. Some people have the idea that the only way you can get around Venice is by boats, but there are sidewalks all over the city and to get across the different canals you walk over bridges, quite natural unless you wanted to swim. Altogether there are 378 bridges in Venice, so that people can walk from one end to the other of the city. The gondolas and gondoliers

are numerous in Venice and are seen everywhere.

The people living in Venice generally have their own private gondolas and gondoliers. Every now and then we saw poles that resembled barber poles and wondered if the people in Venice needed a haircut or shave two or three times a day, until we learned that they were used for private "hitching posts," to keep the gondolas from floating away, out of the canal. The front steps of all the principal houses and stores lead right out into the water. Almost every boy of Venice can swim like a duck and handle a gondola fairly well. As Venice is built in the sea, the only way of coming into the city is by the railroad bridge.

The sights that interested me most were St. Mark's Cathedral, St. Mark's Square and the Clock Tower. Saint Mark's Cathedral was built in the 11th century on the site of a former church which was burned in 976. The style of the church is Byzantine architecture, although Gothic features have been added. The famous bronze horses that are said to have travelled more than any flesh and blood horses are situated

ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

at the front of the church, above the portal. They were first taken from Rome to Constantinople by Constantine; then Marino Zeno brought them hither to Venice in 1205, and they were then taken to Paris by Napoleon in 1797; but at the end were restored to Venice in 1815. The distinguishing thing characterizing the inside of the Cathedral are the many fine works in Mosaic. All the pictures and decorations and even the floors, walls, and ceilings are done in Mosaic. Altogether there is said to be an area of 45,700 square feet or more of Mosaic in St. Mark's.

St. Mark's Square is the great center of business and amusements of Venice. It has only an area of 576 feet in length and from 183 feet to 270 feet in breadth, but is the largest earth space in Venice. Pigeons, good looking, ugly and the between kind dwell here in scores and much of the time perch on somebody's shoulder or hand and subsist on the grain with which tourists feed them. All around and in the square are refreshment places where people sit and drink and eat while listening to the military band which plays every Tuesday and Friday.

The Clock Tower was built in the year 1496 and was restored in 1859. It is situated above a gateway which leads into the Mercia. The peculiar thing about the clock is that the hours are struck by two bronze men, who with hammers, strike the bell at the top of the tower. Our party heard them hit off the hour of 10 A. M. and 12 M.

When people ask me if I went to Florence, I reply, "Yes, I went to Florence," and end the dialogue there; for although we saw all the great sights in Florence, mostly including miles of art galleries and cathedral churches, I dare not venture on trying to tell anything about the place.

"Hail, Hail, Rome's here," sang out Wewe, as we came into that ancient city.

"Oh, is it," mocked Bob. "I thought a piece of it was in Greenland."

The first thing we did in Rome was to find a place where we could establish ourselves for two weeks. Then sightseeing, sightseeing , sightseeing, sightseeing, sightseeing. Among the numerous sights of that ancient city of Rome, the most interesting to me were the following: The Catacombs, The

ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL, WITH PIGEONS IN FRONT.

Dungeon where Paul was imprisoned, The Coliseum, The Forum, St. Peter's Cathedral, and The Vatican.

One bright, sun-shiny day, our party went to see The Catacombs. We boys, my father and Dr. Reherd walked, the rest taking carriages. The Catacombs are about four miles out of the city of Rome, and to go there you have the pleasure of walking on the same road,—the Appian way—that Paul walked on almost 2,000 years ago. The Catacombs are really a cemetery under the ground, only a great deal more interesting than most cemeteries. They are a network of tunnels which were once filled up, but in later years have been excavated, although not all of them. They are at the present time still excavating. These catacombs are where the early Christians fled from their enemies. You are taken through the network of tunnels by one of the monks of the monastery there. We each carried a candle, as we were told that it would be very dark. We were taken down a flight of stairs to get under the ground in the Catacombs. The monk led us along showing us different carvings and signs made on the

walls by the early Christians. They all pertained to different miracles and stories in the Bible. You are perhaps wondering where the tombs of the Popes and other people buried in the Catacombs are. The monk now shows us many oblong excavations in the walls and then places where the excavations had been sealed over with cement. In these places the people are buried or have been buried.

"Say," remarked Wewe, "look at the remains of Amiculus Diviciacus Labienus in that hole."

We looked and saw a pile of bones, the remains of some worthy Roman. We went on seeing numerous collections of ancient things, some dating back to the third century. When we emerged from underground again, we were at least a quarter of a mile from the place where we descended. We felt like one who goes on a subway train in New York for the first time, and when getting off and ascending upwards, finds himself on the other side of the Hudson.

The Dungeon in which Paul was imprisoned is a dark, gloomy hole in the ground, to dwell in which place would make an ordinary man least of all

THE COLLISEUM: Interior section.

loony. In one corner of the ceiling is cut a hole, the same hole in which Paul was let through. It was the only way of getting in or out of that filthy dump.

The Great Coliseum of Rome is a place where one could spend days and days studying. It is about the most historic pile of ruins in Rome, as it was begun in 72 A. D., on the site of an artificial lake attached to Nero's Golden House. It has stood for nearly 2,000 years in marshy ground. It was built by several great kings, but was finished by Titus and Domitian. 17,000,000 francs is said to be the cost of the external walls alone. I might tell all about how it was built, and so on; but while I write such things, they seem so dry I have to stop. The Coliseum accommodated 50,000 spectators. Of course everyone knows about the different kinds of amusements the old Romans used to have there. They even held small naval battles there, filling the Coliseum with water. Below the level of the arena and under the tiers of the Coliseum are lion's dens and the cells where they kept the prisoners and gladiators before exposing them to the mouths of the lions.

"I'm going down into the dens and explore," I said, and I carried out my desire by crawling down the walled sides, there being no other way to descend. Down there I saw many underground passage ways, one of which led on into the old palace. It was through this secret passageway that the king entered the Coliseum at times of amusements. Before crawling out, I secured a small specimen rock from the old stone floor.

Right near the Coliseum is the Forum. The best way to show, tell about, or describe the Forum and its surroundings is by a map on which you can point out the different old ruins and show where they stand. But the only thing I can do is to mention the different important ruins we saw. There is the Basilica Julius; Column of Phoeas; eight columns of the Temple of Vespasian; Tabularium; Arch of Septimus Severus; Portico of the Temple of Faustina; Round Temple of Romulus; Collosal Arches of the Basilica of Constantine; three columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux; Arch of Titus and Arch of Constantine. Besides the ruins, there are many graves, one of which

THE ROMAN FORUM

is said to be the grave of Romulus. It was in this Forum where Julius Caesar made his great speech and we were shown the place where he spoke in the Forum. In my journal, I wrote a paragraph or so on each of the ruins in the Forum grounds, but where would your Uncle Dudly be if he had to write it again, to say nothing of where the reader would go?

"Behold! we are approaching the greatest cathedral in the world," chimed Ed, as we were coming to St. Peter's. It certainly is some Cathedral. In the planning and building of this Cathedral, some of the greatest artists of the world were engaged. For 100 years there was a discussion as to whether the Cathedral should be built in the form of the Latin cross or in the form of a Greek cross. In 1605 they finally adopted the Latin cross design of Raphael. When we first entered the Cathedral it did not seem so large, but when we began to walk around, it seemed immense, which it surely is. The roof of the nave of the Cathedral is 152 feet from the floor. Under the great dome is a fine, big altar and under this altar is the tomb of St. Peter. Mass

can only be celebrated at this altar by the Pope himself. Standing by this altar, we looked up into the massive dome. All around the base of the dome are large painted portraits of great men. One was a portrait of a man holding a quill, writing. The quill itself is seven feet long, although it did not look a foot in length. As far as we looked up we saw galleries going around the inside of the top of the dome. At the opposite end from the nave, and beyond the altar, is a great large sun pouring its splendors down from heaven. Every where we walked, we saw large pictures and statues; the pictures all done in Mosaic. St. Peter's Cathedral is so large that the other things inside of it are made to look small on account of the contrast.

"Who's game to walk up to the top of the dome with me?" challenged my father, and we boys all accepted it. It was a pretty good climb, but it did not take long and we soon stood, with the others who had come up in the elevator, on the different galleries of the dome looking at the wonderful birdseye view of the city of Rome. To the left of us we saw The Vatican, the home of the

ST. PETER'S, ROME

Pope and where the wonderful Sistine Chapel is. The Vatican contains 1,000 different rooms and could house 2,300 persons. It contains some of the most costly and wonderful pictures and sculptures of the world. Back of The Vatican are the Pope's gardens where we imagined we saw him walking around.

"Who's game to come up into the ball of the dome," again challenged my father, and again Dr. Reherd and we boys accepted.

The ball of the dome holds four people, and, believe me, you're up some in the air when you're in it.

After coming down and taking a final look at the interior of the Cathedral, we left for our hotel.

"Say, folks, we can't get a boat to Constantinople on account of cholera," announced my father, one day at dinner, "so we will have to go overland across the Balkan States."

"Are you sure?" questioned Dr. Reherd.

"Sure," he replied.

"I guess we're in for it, then," remarked Dr. King, after a pause.

# THROUGH THE BALKANS TO CONSTANTINOPLE

## Chapter VII

## THROUGH THE BALKANS TO CONSTANTINOPLE

"HOW many rigs do you think we're hiring? Enough to cart you along with us? Well, you folks have got another guess coming," Dr. King demanded of fifteen or twenty Italian coolies belonging to the town of Ancona, on the Italian side of the Adriatic Sea, where there are about twenty men for every job.

Our party had just arrived here from Rome and from here we were expecting to cross the Adriatic Sea to the Balkan States. Where most of us were situated at the present time, was just outside the railroad station. We were trying to hire carriages to take us and all our baggage to the wharf, and were having considerable difficulty. The only member of our party not present was Dr. Reherd. He had gone on ahead to reserve cabins on the boat we were to take across the Adriatic Sea.

As I said just before, we were having

a time. The coolies could not speak a word of English and we could not utter a word of Italian. They had gotten about eight carriages for us when we only wanted three and they had piled a few pieces of baggage in each one so we would have to hire all of them. Dr. King, who was transacting the business, finally made them understand that we only wanted three carriages. He then paid each coolie what he thought they had earned and at once received a royal reception from them. They yelled and thundered and almost tore their arms and legs off making gestures. Amid all this din, a tariff paper was thrust into Dr. King's hand that told what we were expected to pay the coolies, and reading this, he saw that according to it they ought to have received more. He therefore produced more coin and at the same time, without thinking, thrust the tariff paper into his pocket. Paying them more did not seem to quiet them in the least. They began yelling louder than ever and crowded around him pointing at his pockets. It was beginning to grow a little more exciting.

"At them, Dr. King, rub them off the

earth," yelled my father laughingly, perched on the high seat of one of the rigs. Dr. King was already beginning to push up his sleeves, for the purpose of starting some fireworks, thinking they were trying to rob him; but he checked himself, and turning to one of the carriages and laying his hand on two good sized grips, yelled at the coolies that "we would carry our own truck." A very simple matter to carry out since we only had three or four tons (more or less) of baggage along with us! Just then my father thinking of the tariff paper yelled out:—

"Say, Dr. King, did you put that tariff paper in your pocket? Maybe that is what they are after."

"Tariff paper?—In my pocket?" Dr. King said excitedly and then feeling in his pockets drew the said article forth. Seeing the paper the coolies made a rush for it and snatched it eagerly. Dr. King stood dumbfounded for a minute and then broke out:—

"Well, bless my round the world trip ticket, is that all they were waging this revolution about? Just for a piece of parchment? I only wish I could stay in this town long enough to print a few

thousand of those things so they wouldn't be so hard up for them. That darling piece of parchment! I hope they keep and cherish it the rest of their days."

In the next two or three minutes, we were off for the wharf.

In the meantime, Dr. Reherd had gone off to search for the wharf. As we had arrived in that burg at midnight, he was puzzled which way to go. He wandered down dark streets and alleys, but didn't seem to strike water anywhere. Meeting an Italian soldier, he made his arms go around like paddle wheels and uttered the one word, "Fiume." Fiume was our landing place on the other side of the Adriatic Sea. The soldier caught his meaning immediately and guided him to the wharf. There Dr. Reherd boarded the boat to arrange for our cabins.

When the rest of us arrived a few minutes later at the wharf, no Dr. Reherd was to be seen. We feared he had got lost in the town. Going up the gang plank and on to the boat, we looked around for him, but to no avail. Just when the boat was slowly leaving the wharf to go out to sea, taking us along

with no tickets and with no cabins reserved, (for Dr. Reherd had all the tickets) we came upon him fast asleep in the lounge room. Awakening from the land of slumber, he remarked:—

"Just thought I'd take a little snooze till you came. Everything's all arranged for. I'll show you our cabins."

Landing at Fiume the next morning, we went directly to the station and to the train to go across the Balkan States, traversing Bosnia, Servia and Bulgaria. Bosnia with Herzegovina until recently under the suzerainty of Turkey, are now a part of Austria. From Fiume eastward for about 100 miles, the country is very mountainous, but gradually smooths out into rich and fertile farms. Servia is a poor, barren looking country. Bulgaria is also wild and mountainous, suited to banditti and wild life. We traveled through the country in which Miss Ellen Stone was kidnapped a few years ago.

There was one vacant seat in the compartment which our party occupied. A few minutes after the train had started, a young man, who had been previously speaking somewhat privately to the conductor, brought a young

woman into our compartment and seated her in the one vacant seat, while he stood outside in the aisle talking to the conductor. The young girl at once started to talk with us, using what little English she possessed. After a little she began to ask different questions about our party, "Who we were?" "What we were doing?" "Where we were going?" and all about us. We began to grow a little cautious but from some of the party she learned that we were on a trip around the world. During the conversation, the man in the aisle had handed her a slip of paper with some kind of a drawing on it. She simply nodded her head and continued talking, handing it back to him.

After a little Bob, by secret signs, got Ed and me together in the aisle and then he said:

"I tell you, they're up to something."

"Who," inquired Wewe.

"Why that man and girl. Didn't you see him pass that paper to her? It had something about us on it. I'll wager a cookie."

"It looks like they're after something we've got. There he goes now. Let's follow him up," I suggested.

So we followed him to where he turned in to another compartment. Passing slowly by the door, we saw him talking with another man, though of course not in English.

"So there's three in the game," whistled Wewe.

"Looks like it," commented Bob.

At noon, while we stopped for dinner at Sophia, we learned what their line of business was and what they were up to. The pockets of all three men of our party were tried, but not without them knowing it. While my father was making his way through the crowd, he felt a hand slip gently into his back pocket. He wheeled around sharply and yelled, "No, you don't." The fellow disappeared in a flash. At the same time, Dr. King was being tried by another party, the other party getting the worst of it. When he came in contact with Dr. King's big body, he was tossed into the crowd like a pebble from a beach into the ocean.

One of the fellows, when he saw he had not been successful in Dr. King's or my father's case, next tried Dr. Reherd. But Dr. Reherd slipped away from him in the crowd.

You might ask, Why we didn't notify the train officials and raise a bigger row than we did? But if I should tell you that all the train officials were in with the thieves you would see why we didn't.

The girl who was with them was employed in finding out all about the party they were to rob and to learn how much money the party was apt to possess. The information that our party was on a trip around the world gave them the impression that we possessed some money that would be handy to them.

"If that fellow had gotten what was in my back pocket, he would have gotten some good old gospel truth," laughed my father; and then added, "My Bible was in that pocket."

"I know what that slip of paper had on it now," said Bob.

"What?" Wewe asked.

"A plan telling how they were to work our dads."

This conversation was being held on an altogether different train than the one we had at first boarded. We had changed trains at the place we had eaten. Wewe sauntered down the aisle

to the end of the train. In about half a minute he came back saying excitedly,

"What do you know about it! We haven't got those pickpockets' goat yet. They followed us on this train. They're back in the end compartments of the train now."

"Is that right?" questioned Dr. King.

"It sure is," Ed declared.

"We've got to keep a close watch on those rascals or they will get ahead of us yet," advised my father.

At supper time, a Diner being on the train, all of us except the three men went into the diner to get something to eat. As we went down the aisle those same fellows were lined up on either side of the aisle, ready to get the men this time.

"I guess that's the time we fooled those ginks," I laughed. "The men weren't along at all as they had expected."

When we came back from dinner to our compartment we learned that the pickpockets, tired of getting stung by us had got another poor fellow and robbed him of everything he had,—200 krones and his railroad ticket. Their stunt had been pulled off while the

train had stopped at the station. This young foreigner, as had my father, had gotten off to get something to eat when he was robbed. The pickpockets crowded against him, one fellow shoving a small grip up against his face while the other relieved his pockets of what they contained. My father saw it all and started after them but he lost them in the crowd. When the conductor was told of it, he only laughed. This was near Belgrade, Servia. We travelled a day and night longer through that rough, dangerous and wild country. The people are wild and daring. I do not wonder that the Turks got the dose they received from the Balkan allies. Many of the people were dressed in animal skins and almost all carried guns and knives. At Philippopolis, however, we saw, at the station, some attractive young people from the Mission schools. To give you an idea of the gingery stuff the Balkan allies are made of, here is an illustration taken from a Paris newspaper:—

"When the Sultan of Turkey gave orders for army mobilization, he sent to the Czar of Bulgaria a sack of millet with the following letter:

Ferdianan Effendi: Mobilize if you like,

but be assured there are as many soldiers in Turkey as there are grains of millet in this sack. Now if you wish, declare war.'

The Czar's reply was in kind. He sent a very much smaller sack filled with grains of a most virulent red pepper of the country. With it went the following dedication:

'Dear Sultan: The Bulgarians are not numerous, it is true, but be assured that to stick your nose into their affairs is like sticking it into our national condiment. Try it and see; they'll sting you so sharply that the whole of Asia will not be able to save you.' "

After traveling two days and nights across the Balkan States we finally came into Constantinople, once the center and capital of the World.

# EXAMINING TURKISH POSSESSIONS

## Chapter VIII

## EXAMINING TURKISH POSSESSIONS,—SYRIA, PALESTINE AND EGYPT

ONSTANTINOPLE is a great city; but please let me out within a week! To look at the city from a distance is a beautiful sight but once inside, the wondrous view is at once forgotten. A good view of the main part of Constantinople and the body of water called the Bosphorous, which is in itself a beautiful sight, can be had at Robert College, an American Mission College for boys. This college is doing a fine work here in the capital of Turkey. Boys of many different religions are to be seen gathered there. While, it is true, for example, a Christian boy and a Mohammedan boy who first meet at the college will have nothing to do with each other; when, however, they get out on the football field in a football game, playing together with the other boys, all the difference of religion be-

tween them is forgotten as they batter each other around.

The college buildings are situated on a high hill, where not only a view of Constantinople and the Bosphorus may be had, but also a magnificent view of the mountains and of the surrounding country. The college is advancing right along. New buildings are being put up, and new athletic grounds and a gymnasium are being constructed. Dr. Gates is the president of the college.

The first morning in Constantinople we saw the Sultan, as he rode from his palace to the mosque where he said his prayers. Hundreds of faithful Mohammedans were lined up to get a glimpse of him. He was accompanied by his body guard all in red. When that unworthy gentleman rode by, all the soldiers and Mohammedans cheered.

"One of the first things we must see in Constantinople," said my mother, "is the wonderful church of St. Sophia."

"Yes, we will head for that sacred spot now," answers my father; and away we went to see another ten thousandth "sight."

St. Sophia, one of the most famous churhces in Europe, is situated in the

THE BODY GUARD OF THE SULTAN

THE PRESENT SULTAN OF TURKEY

heart of Constantinople, in the midst of the Mohammedan quarters. On May 29, 1453, the triumphant Mohammed II rode on horseback into the church of Sophia and converted it into a Mohammedan Mosque. The floor of the Mosque is entirely covered with mats. A Mohammedan can come in and kneel down to pray anywhere. In the wall is a little recess for the blind. The blind come in the Mosque, get against the wall, and follow it around until they come to this recess in the wall. Then they know they can now kneel down and pray, for they are facing the East,—toward Mecca. The recess is certainly very useful for there seemed to me to be about as many sightless beings as there were beings with eyes. The Mohammedan's idea of always facing Mecca, when he prays, is sometimes very comical. While a Mohammedan was once riding on a train, it came upon him that it was time for prayer. So he hauled out his compass to get his eastern direction and having revolved himself, facing Mecca, began to pray. While he was praying, there came a turn of the track and during the remainder of his prayer he was facing due north.

On one part of the Mosaic walls of the Mosque can be seen a faint picture of Christ.

"They will have to do a lot more color covering before they will get that picture off the wall," remarked my sister. The Mohammedans have tried to conceal the picture of Christ by daubing paint over it; but the paint is coming off.

One of the many bridges we crossed over every day was the Galata bridge. This bridge is very interesting on account of the traffic and people connected with it. It is said that one time a very learned man of many different languages stood on the bridge and from the conversation of the passing throng he heard 27 different languages spoken. Every one pays a toll amounting to one cent in American money each time he crosses the bridge. Thousands of people cross the bridge every day.

While we were in Constantinople, we boys thought that we would please the Turks by wearing Turkish fezzes; but instead of being pleased they got really peeved at us.

"All right," we all agreed, "we'd sooner wear our good old American

duds any day than wear Turk riggings"; so we discarded that headgear.

At the end of a week, we were all out of the 57 varieties of smells and the two-foot streets of Constantinople, on a French liner bound for Beirut, Syria. The day we left Constantinople, a neat little message declaring war had been sent by Italy to the Sultan. The Turks all went around the streets sharpening their knives and muttering vengeance.

In two days we had gone through the Dardanelles, passed Smyrna and arrived at Beirut, where we were quarantined for three days on board before we could land. In the harbour at Beirut, French cruisers were numerous, in readiness for any trouble that might arise from the Turkish-Italian war.

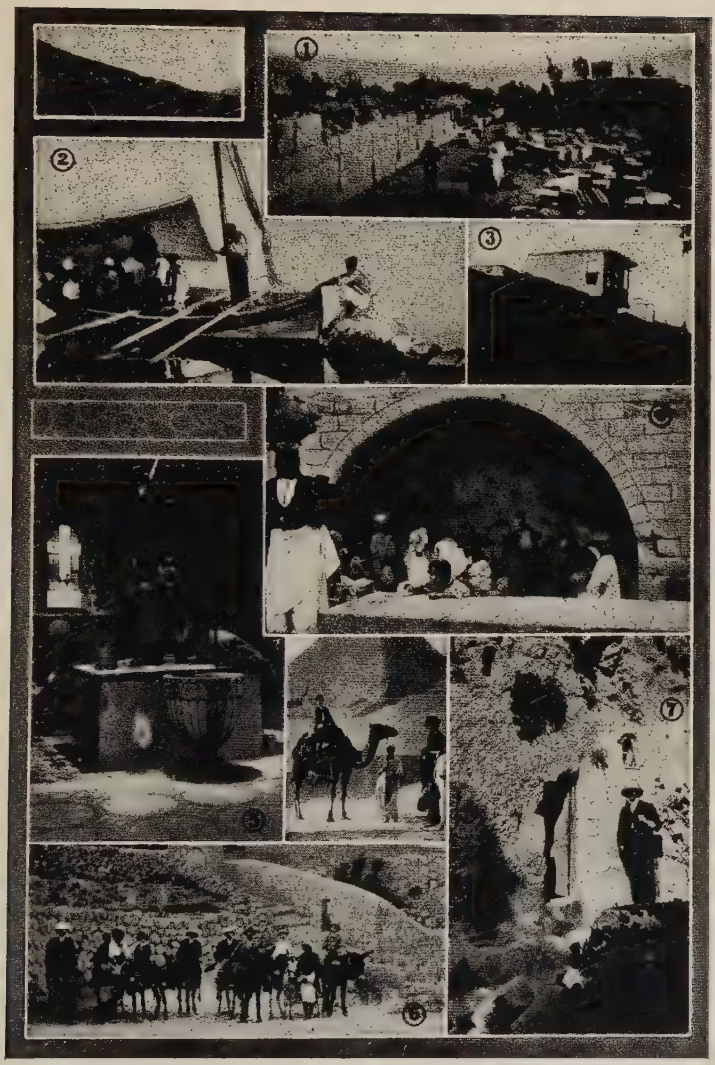
At Beirut, we were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Hoskins of the Presbyterian Mission, who are doing a wonderful work. The Beirut Press, superintended by Dr. Hoskins, is one of the largest press establishments of the East. Here we boys took a swim in the Mediterranean Sea with the sons of Dr. Bliss, President of the Syrian Protestant College. This College is another fine institution like Robert College re-

ferred to above. It has about 1000 students.

From Beirut, under the management of our dragoman, Nissaire, we started on our trip through Syria and Palestine. Sidon and Damascus were by no means left out. In Sidon, one of the oldest cities on the globe, we passed through a street four feet in height and three feet in width, which the missionaries had named "High Street," after the principal street of Edinburgh.

On our way to Damascus we stopped at Zahleh to visit the Mission where Mr. and Mrs. Paul Erdman are at work. They conduct a boys' school, kindergarten and church.

The big sight at Damascus is the Great Mosque. It was once destroyed by fire in 1893, but was restored four years later. The Mohammedans have not always owned the Mosque. It was possessed first by the Heathen, then by the Christians, and now by the Mohammedans. This building is said to exhibit three different styles of architecture. When the heathen owned it, it had Grecian architecture. This Mosque, like St. Sophia, has cubby holes in the wall for the help of the blind.




SCENES IN SYRIA, PALESTINE, AND EGYPT.

1. Capernaum Synagogue Ruins
2. On the Sea of Galilee
3. Damascus House on Wall
4. Nazareth Women at Well
5. Jacob's Well in Samaria
6. Bethany Home of Mary and Martha
7. Gordon's Site of Jesus' Tomb Outside of Jerusalem Walls

The floor of the Great Mosque is covered with fine Persian rugs. At the time of the fire, each person grabbed one of these Persian rugs and rescued it, so that the rugs were saved.

From now on, under our experienced guide, Mr. Nissaire, we saw more sights in that little country of Palestine than would fill a book, if I should try to tell about them. Every minute, except when we were between the sheets, our attention was constantly called to sights too numerous to mention. Palestine is a great country, but one journey there to that barren and dirty land is enough for me.

In order to spend a day on the Sea of Galilee, our party sacrificed a day in quarantine at the edge of the Sea, as cholera was thick everywhere in that country. We were put in quarantine at 3 P. M., in a little stone house with three runty rooms. But we men were determined to go swimming in the Sea of Galilee while we were held up a day. We were finally granted permission to leave our stony abode, to try Peter, James and John's old swimming hole. It was a pretty good hole, but I'm willing to let their descendants have the use of it.

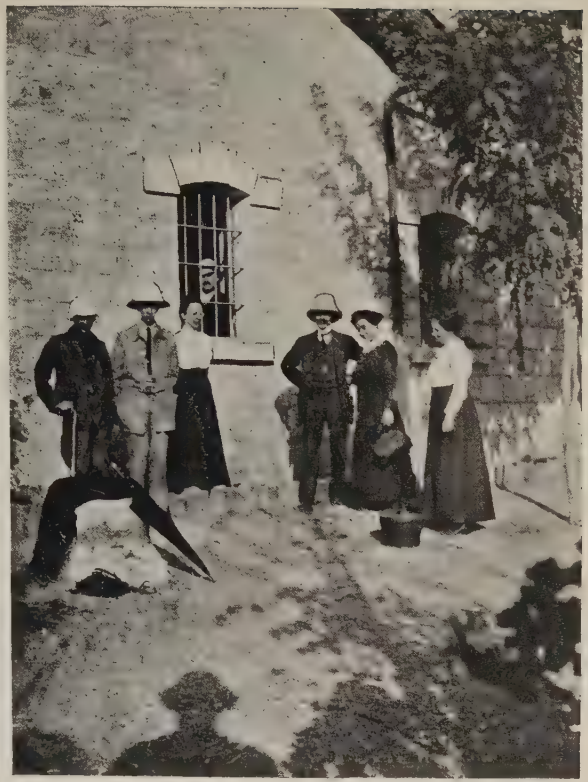
That night most of us slept on the floor and evaporated a supper consisting of a slice of hard bread and a boiled egg apiece.

The day our party spent on the Sea of Galilee was certainly one to remember. The sights we saw on the Sea of Gallilee are as follows: Inlet of the Jordan, Outlet of the Jordan, Plain of Gennesaret, Capernaum, Tiberias, Mount of Beatitudes, Mount Hermon, place where the swine went into the Sea and Bethsaida Julius.

Capernaum, at the northwest side of the Sea, is, of course, in ruins, but the Catholics are at work there digging up the old Synagogue which is talked so much about in the Bible. We were ordered by the priests not to take pictures of the ruins of the Synagogue, but we got them anyway. We did not want to miss that chance. The Franciscan monk in charge there is planning to put the Synagogue up as it was in the olden times.

At 6:30 P. M. we rounded up at Tiberias and the next morning started in wagons on a four day trip (to be made in three days) to Jerusalem.

"All aboard. Let's go," shouted



IN QUARANTINE: Behind the bars. A great sensation.

IT'S ONLY LEMON POP: Our strongest beverage around the world.

Wewe, as we started out.

Four P. M., after a dusty trip, via Cana, saw us in Nazareth where Jesus spent his boyhood days. There we saw the Fountain of the Virgin, The Girls' Orphanage, Joseph's work shop, and the hill over which they tried to cast Jesus.

Starting from Nazareth at 4 A. M. the next morning, we had things doing all the time till we reached Jerusalem. Cholera was raging all over Palestine, and also, you remember that this was during the Turko-Italian war. Just outside of Nazareth we passed a camp where a man lay dead of cholera.

"Mum's the word," warned Bob. "If they learn in the next town that we have been around cholera, they'll quarantine us for life."

Sometimes we were stopped on the road and asked if we were Italians.

"We are Yankees born, and Yankees forever," we answered.

"Thank goodness we are Americans," my sister said gratefully.

A half hour later when we had escaped a town and had not been quarantined, we cheered like we just had ten yards to go for a touchdown, and the

quarter had signaled for the famous criss-cross. If we had been quarantined for a couple of days, we would have missed our boat to India which we were to take from Port Said in only a few days.

At one time, when going along a new road, the Arabs working on it said sharply that they would shoot to kill if we attempted to go farther. Mr. Nissaire showed them documents from the Governor giving us leave to pass.

"Well, look at that! they can't even read," said Mrs. King and that was the fact. Mr. Nissaire finally persuaded them to let us pass.

At noon, when we stopped to eat at a small village, a multitude, (probably the same people which Jesus fed), gathered around to watch us eat. After traveling all the afternoon over hilly and stony country, having passed across the Plains of Esdraelon, by the Cave of the Witch of Endor, and Dothan where Joseph was sold by his brothers, we were approaching Nablus, when some quarantine officers drew nigh with the intention of locking us in quarantine four days.

"Not much, we won't!" and it was

then that our dragoman won the prettiest debate, amid flying mouths and arms, that I had ever witnessed.

That night the inhabitants of the town tried to mob us; but they were unsuccessful in getting into our humble abode. We cleared out early the next morning before daylight, on our last day's ride to Jerusalem, stopping enroute at Jacob's Well and Joseph's Tomb. At 5 P. M. we came to the Golden City; but alas! it's got Constantinople or the worst city in China beaten in variety of smells and dirtiness. There among the thousand sights, the most interesting to me were these: —The Mosque of Omar, built on the site of Abraham's sacrifice of his son Isaac, and of the old Jewish temples; the Jews' Wailing Place; Garden of Gethsemane; the Mount of Olives, and the supposed Tombs of Jesus. Ascending a minaret on Mount Olive, we obtained one of the finest sights I have yet seen. As our dragoman said, "It must have been the same view that Jesus had at the time of his ascension. He could see Bethlehem where he was born, Nazareth where he spent his boyhood days, Jerusalem where he spent much of his

later life, Garden of Gethsemane where he prayed that sad night, the Dead Sea and Bethany." Jesus probably had a famous view of his life as He ascended up to His Father. There, of course, is no question that this Mount of Olives today is the same as in Jesus' time. After seeing Bethlehem, we rushed to the coast, took a boat across to Alexandria, were in quarantine in the harbour three days, thanks to the British, then went to Cairo where we peered at the Pyramids and Sphinx. Recent explorations have just been made inside the Sphinx by Prof. Weisner, where the tomb of Menes, the first king of Egypt was found, which tomb is supposed to contain his mummified body. Passages not yet explored are believed to lead to a subterranean city.

When coming into Cairo on the train, the Ghizeh Pyramids were pointed out to us in the distance and they appeared then to be all about the same size. But on coming near to them we saw that they were all three of different height. The highest Pyramid, called the Great Pyramid of Cheops, is 481 feet in height, 171 feet lower than Washington Monument. Each of its sides is 755 in

THE PYRAMIDS AND SPHINX.

length. This Pyramid was commenced 3733 B. C., and with hundreds of thousands of men working on it, was finished in twenty years. Inside the Pyramid are various chambers that at one time contained treasures, but they have long ago been taken away.

The second Pyramid was begun 3666 B. C. and lacks only a few feet of being as high as the other.

On the sides of both these Pyramids are steps ranging from 4 to 6 feet in height. It is up these steps one goes when climbing to the top.

The third Pyramid is about one-third the height of the second.

As the Sphinx is not far from the Pyramids our party visited it at the same time. This great sculptured figure was hewn out of the solid rock. The only deformed part about it is its nose which is badly battered. This disasterous deed is said to have been done by the great Napoleon himself when he came with his army through Egypt. After taking pictures of the party, Sphinx and Pyramids, we hired some camels from anxious men who wanted a job and rode back to the street car station.

These Pyramids were built for tombs by kings who wanted to preserve their bodies as long as possible on account of the belief that as long as their bodies were preserved they would live again in the next world. These Pyramids existed when Abraham and Joseph were in Egypt, and they probably saw them.

Going to Port Said we boarded the "Roon,"—a splendid German liner for a fourteen days' passage to India.

IN CEYLON'S ISLE

# IN THE LAND OF THE RAJAHS, MOGHULS, AND SAHIBS

## Chapter IX

## IN THE LAND OF THE RAJAHS, MOGHULS AND SAHIBS

HIS sure beats riding behind an old nag, or a mule. There's some class to this!" exclaimed Bob.

Our party were taking their first ride in rickshas, hauled by human beings. It was in Colombo, Ceylon. Our first ride,—but not for a long while; not until we set sail from Yokohama for San Francisco, would we have our last. The coolies and the rickshas were friendly and familiar objects to us from then on, through most of the countries wherever we journeyed. On your first ride, you pity the poor fellows who have to pull you.

"I feel like getting out and helping my man pull me,' I remarked. "Guess I will," I added, and made a sudden motion of exiting from the conveyance. The coolie at once yelled at me:

"Boy, stay still; not make ricksha go so, hard to make ricksha go."

"Oh! all right, old pard, orders are orders;" and I settled comfortably back in the ricksha.

"I pity that poor dub hauling Dr. King," said Wewe. "He's pulling as though he had an elephant at his rear;' though Dr. King would make a pretty good show with a baby elephant. Dr. King seemed to sympathize with the man, too.

"Can I do anything to aid you in my welfare, my good man?" he yelled. "If I can do nothing else, just give me a palm leaf fan and I will keep the flies off from you."

In many places in Japan and China, the coolies pulling us three boys would run races, Ed's man generally winning, because Wewe's weight could almost be compared with a popcorn kernel served on a peanut shell with lemon juice for dressing.

When ordering nine rickshas for our party, it was a better sight than to see an elephant stub his toe on a mountain to see every coolie make tracks toward's Ed's headquarters; then the unsuccessful ones would make for the next light-

est persons, while Dr. King waited in anxiety for some time to see if any of the coolies had a man's frame to pull a *real* man.

We had arrived at the island of Ceylon after a fine voyage from Port Said, through the Suez Canal, into the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, with every day filled with many doings on board. This splendid German liner, the "Roon,' happened to have on board many German naval officers and sailors bound for taking charge of cruisers and battleships in Tsingtau and Shanghai and other points of China. They were a typical bunch of German beer kegs, and we boys enjoyed their company. Every morning, early, we took a plunge in the canvas swimming pool, usually filled with German officers, so that the water was kept busy pouring over the sides of the pool to admit the big Germans. Once Ed and I managed to dip the captain under the surface, after which we were unjustly doused by his fellow officers.

Leaving Colombo, Ceylon, after visiting a few Buddhist Temples and the Dutch Reformed and Church of England Missions, we boarded a boat for

the main land of India, landing the next morning at Tuticorin. At Tuticorin we boarded a train for Madras. After spending a few hours there seeing the city, the Y. M. C. A., and the Madras Christian College, we headed for Miraj. At Londa Junction, a missionary, by the name of Dr. Goheen, met us. He had come far from the west coast, a desolate place where few travelers ever venture, to persuade us to visit them there. It was finally decided that my father, Dr. Reherd, Wewe and I would make the hard trip. The rest were to go on to Miraj and take in everything in that part of India. So strangely, without shedding a tear, for of course we might never more meet, going to such a deserted district, we parted and were off.

We at once took another train for Belgaum where, before eating dinner, (supper in the U. S) we took in the city in a bullock cart—a vehicle which has a top like the top of a mover's wagon, but instead of canvas, it is made of thatched strips of straw. The main part rests on an axle with two wheels. The cart is drawn by bullocks, which are hitched with the tongue of the cart

resting on their necks by means of a cross-bar. The Methodists have a good station here which we visited.

The next train would not arrive till 11 P. M.; so we tried to get a little sleep in the R. R. station. In India, when traveling, each person carries his own bed. There are no furnished sleepers on the train. There are three classes and the cars of the first and second class are divided into compartments. Foreigners travel first or second class and at night spread their bedding on the long cushion seats and retire. At this particular time we spread our bedding on some seats in the Ladies' waiting room to have a snooze. We were soon routed, being told that we were not ladies. I'm sure glad they told us; it saved me a lot of trouble finding out later. We next tried the platform, but to no avail.

"Well, here's the train!" said Dr. Reherd, as he relieved a post at the side of his frame.

We climbed into a first class compartment, but not to stay there long; arriving again at Londa Junction we were spilled out to wait for another train, which would arrive somewhere in the vicinity of 3 A. M.

"Here's a third class car," said Dr. Goheen. "Let's pile into this and get some sleep. It will be hooked onto the 3 A. M. train.' So each, stretching his lanky or runty form on a timber two or three inches in width, which served as seats to the natives of India, we slumbered or did not slumber. For me it was not slumber, sleep, rest, nor physical enjoyment. If I recollect right, we groped around in three different rat holes that night: first class, second class and third class, using first class accommodations in the morning to remove the jungle from our faces, or otherwise, to shave. Arriving at Castle Rock, we restored ourselves back to one atom of life with a cup of tea and a hunk of toast. This meal is generally known through the entire land of India as *chota hazri*, one of the many meals of the day in India, this one occurring before breakfast. It means "little breakfast."

We finally came to the Punjime river, hidden in a tropical jungle. Taking a steam launch, called the "Vasco de Gama," we started down stream. The scenery down that river was beautiful. On both sides were big palm and cocoa-

GUESS WHAT'S IN THE BOX. I'll tell you: a Mohammedan woman.

A GROUP OF NATIVE BEGGAR CHILDREN: Some healthy bunch.

nut trees and every few minutes we would see large rice fields with scores of men and women working in them. At the place where we started down the river, Dr. Goheen had some natives climb up tall cocoanut trees and get some cocoanuts. After chopping them open, we quenched our thirst with the milk, as there was no water to be had. When we had traveled almost all day down the river, about 2 P. M. we heard from Ed's direction:

"Ye gods and little fishes, but I'm thirsty!" he groaned.

"Take a refreshing sup of that cocoanut milk," advised my father.

"Don't mention that stuff again or I'll get river sick," Wewe pleaded. "Water! water! Oh for some of the water that trickles through the hose in the good old U. S."

We were all in the same predicament.

At 3 P. M., we arrived at Old Goa, leaving the boat there. Such a deserted place I never again hope to behold. Huts and houses everywhere, and about six big Catholic Cathedral churches, but not more than fifty human beings in the place. Of course there were plenty of

monks and priests, but no more than fifty human beings. Old Goa was relieved of thousands of people when a cholera plague swept through there some time ago and the natives are afraid now to live there. All of the Catholic churches are magnificent and cost many hundred thousands of dollars.

In one of the great churches we saw the tomb where St. Francis Xavier's bones are said to have been laid. Every twenty years his body is exposed and many people come to see the ceremony. At Old Goa we managed to keep alive by drinking some hot tea. Oh how delicious, under the burning, tropical sun! Oh, for a barrel of limeade with 100 pounds of ice! We left Old Goa in carriages ordered by Dr. Goheen from the nearest town,—Punjime, or New Goa. We arrived at New Goa in time for dinner,—suppertime. There we drank, drank, drank, drank, and had supper. I couldn't get enough liquid.

"See if there is a hole to be stopped up in my back. The water I put in me must be running out somewhere," I implored Wewe.

Taking a coast steamer that night, we arrived at Vengurle, Dr. Goheen's

AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

station, at 2 A. M., without any sleep for two straight nights. We went at once to Mr. Hannum's residence, and I can tell you a missionary's bed felt good then. The next two days we spent at Vengurle seeing the Mission work there. On Sunday night, the little band of Christians in the town serenaded us and escorted us over to the little yellow school house, which is used for church and Sunday School services as well. There they gave us a *ponsuparee*, decorating us with garlands and giving us packages of beetle nut, to chew.

'No, thank you," said Wewe, as they handed him a package. "I never indulge; never have smoked or chewed in my life.'

"Take it, you boob," I whispered. "It will make them sore if you don't."

And so Wewe took it.

Early Monday morning we left on another coast boat for Ratnagiri, arriving at 2 P. M. Dr. Wiley was there to meet us and take us up to his bungalow. As he had his camping outfit pitched in the compound, Ed and I stayed in a large, fine tent. At Ratnagiri, we also had a splendid time and were sorry to leave there so soon. Dr. Wiley is a

great missionary Sahib to thousands of natives. From there we planned to go to Kolhapur; and if we were to meet the rest of our party there the next day we would have to make fast time. The shortest and quickest route to Kolhapur was straight over the mountains, and so, straight over the mountains we started. Dr. Wiley accompanied us as far as Pali, which is sixteen miles from Ratnagiri. There we had dinner. We slept that night, traveling in two wheeled carts covered with a thatched straw top. In the carts we put hay and over the hay we spread our bedding. All that night we rumbled over the mountains. Early next morning we changed into two tongas. These were drawn by horses at full gallop. In these we rode twenty-four miles, and then changed horses and into some other tongas and rode another twenty-four miles. On the trip over the mountains we broke the record, making the journey in eighteen hours, the quickest it had been made for some time, at least. The men made the horses tear along. Two or three times on the road we were stopped and asked to pay toll. As none of us knew a single word of the language we

THREE LITTLE HUMAN BEAUTIFIERS OF INDIA, "FENCED OFF"

did not catch their utterances. So each time Dr. Reherd pulled forth his bulky, good, old U. S. Passport. They did not know what the piece of parchment was, but they let us continue on our way. Strange as it seemed, we met the rest of our party again at Kolhapur! To think that they would ever see our handsome faces again was almost beyond consideration.

That trip was one of the many we took in India. We spent, altogether, in India a little over a month. We visited almost every Presbyterian Mission Station, and some of other denominations. Let me tell you we flew. Of course we saw the Great Taj Mahal,—that great marble structure, a monument put up by a rich Mohammedan moghul ruler in memory of his wife. She and also himself are buried here. Surrounding the tombs is a great marble lattice-work screen, carved entirely by hand. The Taj Mahal, with 17,000 workmen constructing it, was completed in 22 years. The marble of which the Taj is made is perfectly white. On a fine moonilght night, looking at this wonderful white structure, you would think you were in Fairyland.

The scenes of the Mutiny are not to be overlooked: the Old Residency and

the scenes at Cawnpore, and Lucknow. We visited these, and also Benares on the Ganges, Bombay and Calcutta, among other interesting cities.

India is a great country; but Oh! the wretchedness of it! To see a good sample of how it is generally, all over India, one should go to Benares on the Ganges, the headquarters of the Hindu religion. The thousands of people that come there to bathe in the river every day, leaves the river with a thick scum of filth over the surface. It is a familiar sight to see dead bodies, which smell as if they had been dead a long time, burning on piles of wood, up and down the river, at the Burning Ghat. Excuse me, please, from getting a return ticket back there, even to see the Golden Temple again.

India has forty-three main languages, not counting the different dialects that branch out from those forty-three, which number over 150. No wonder the people of India stay in their own provinces all their life. They would have to learn entirely new customs and ways, besides the language, if they moved far. India has 333,000,000 gods, with idols and temples to cor-

BURNING DEAD BODIES ON THE GANGES: The ideal system of caring for the dead.

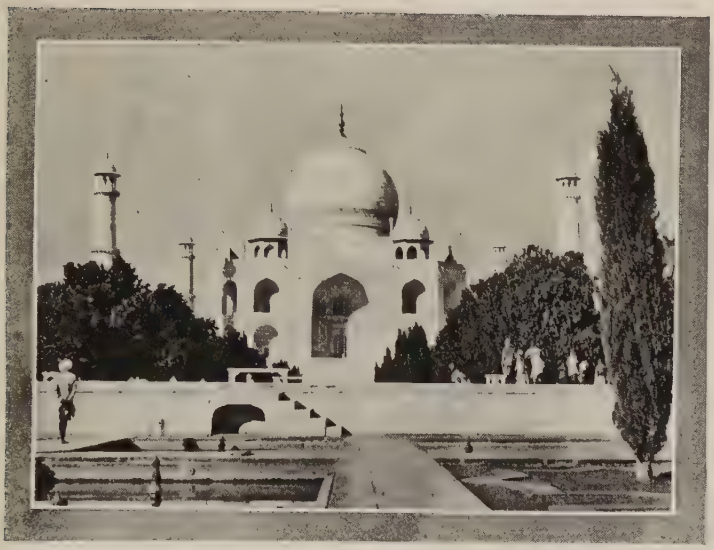
A HOLY MAN OF INDIA: Does he look holy?

respond. There are more gods in India than there are people, who number 315,000,000. There are about 5,000,000 Christians, including Catholics. The missionaries are doing a wonderful work. Many more workers are needed.

On Dec. 8th, 1911, our party sailed from Calcutta on the "Ellora," for Singapore. On the way we stopped at Rangoon, Burma and Penang. Besides the hundreds of Buddhist pagodas to be seen there, the interesting thing to me was to see the elephants at work in the lumber yards. It was a sight to see two big, strapping elephants lift a huge log, one taking hold of one end and the other lifting the other, and holding it between their tusks and trunk, carry it to some part of the yard. Other elephants were dragging logs behind them by a chain fixed like a harness. The elephants are taken care of like babies. Early in the morning the keepers take the elephants down for a bath. Then they work them from 8 to 10 A. M., which is all the work they do each day. The elephants have been brought down from the jungle and trained.

Four days later saw us at Singapore.

"Do you know, people," my mother informed us, "that we are half way around this old globe? Another half and we will be home." That sure sounded good. Was there ever a place like home in America? Never! But the biggest and most exciting and interesting half was yet to come.



TAJ MAHAL—The Most Beautiful Mausoleum in the World.

ELEPHANTS AT WORK, RANGOON, BURMAH.

# THROUGH THE JUNGLE TO LAOS

THROUGH THICK BAMBOO FOREST

## Chapter X

## THROUGH THE JUNGLE TO LAOS, SIAM

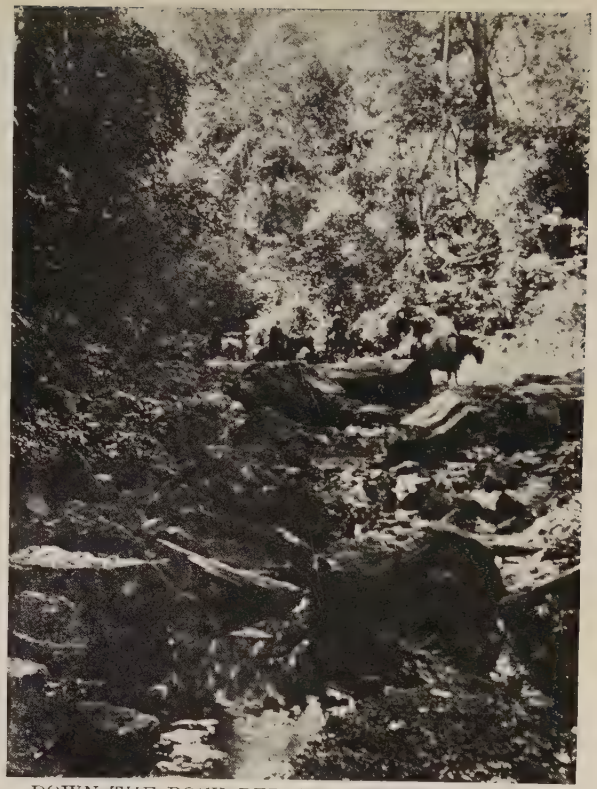
H, boys! This is what I like. This reminds me of the time I landed with Magellan in the jungles of the Philippines! And, ah, how that thought recalls the hour, so fresh to my memory, when Magellan was killed, and how, when the savages were leading me to the stake, I yanked a pitch fork from my hip pocket and with one thrust put twenty yelping, howling savages on each of the three prongs of the pitch fork! Then I made my escape by jumping into the sea and swimming to Spain. It was a great heroic deed and the world will never forget it."

This was all uttered by Wewe as he was sitting in the saddle with a pommel about the size of a telegraph pole, which object, saddle included, completely covered a cute, little animal with four legs, commonly called a mountain pony.

"Please don't run over all the trees in the jungle, Ed," implored my Sister, as Ed, talking so romantically, had collided with a bamboo tree. A few days before, our party had arrived at Bangkok, Siam, from Singapore; and, from Bangkok, had taken a train on the first day of the New Year, 1912, for Railhead, where we started on a long and hard trip through the Laos Jungle. On our way to Railhead, we passed many small forest fires, which, however, were purposely set. In the Siam forests, in order to keep down big forest fires which would sweep away the whole jungle and destroy any amount of fine Teak timber, they burn out all the underbrush and tall grass that grows so fast and thick. These fires are called surface fires. All during the day, on both sides of the train, we saw all kinds of peculiar birds. There were storks, cranes, turkey buzzards, hawks, rice birds, many kinds of parrots, and various other bright colored fowls the names of which were unknown to me.

At Railhead we met two of the finest missionaries in Laos, Mr. Gilles from Pre, and Mr. Vincent from Lakawn. Pre is eighteen miles from Railhead,

"WE'RE ON OUR WAY"



DOWN THE ROCK BED OF A JUNGLE STREAM

and Lakawn is a four days' trip from Pre through the jungle on horse back. Mr. Vincent had come clear down from Lakawn to meet us and guide us up north through the thick jungle. He had come down provided with everything that was needed to make the trip, with the exception of our food provisions and bedding which things we had brought with us from Bangkok. He brought along enough horses for the whole crowd, two cooks, two table boys, two horse boys, and, in addition, twenty-three carriers to convey all our grub and baggage. Some caravan, believe me! He had also brought a sufficient quantity of quinine pills for the whole crowd, in case we did not have any with us. All the horses and men he had left at Pre to get rested up for the four days' trip; everything, in fact, except the quinine pills. They were rattling in a large bottle in one of the pockets of his khaki suit.

He told us afterward that he dreaded to meet our party because he had an idea we were a dainty crowd from New York City,—the kind who are afraid to get their shoes dusty and would think it a terrible thing to go through that

wild forest. He had another idea a short time after he met us. He had made up his mind to warn us beforehand and to tell us of the difficulties of the jungle trip, so that we would not be complaining to him about the hardships when we got into them. He finally approached Dr. Reherd on the subject and began telling him of the miseries we would have to endure. Dr. Reherd said:—

"Now look here, Vincent, you just stop worrying. We want you to understand that we are no doll babies, and that we have not come from the East, but from the West; and it isn't, by any means, the first time we have had a rough trip."

That ended it. Mr. Vincent's mind was relieved and he was one of the finest, jolliest boys I have ever seen.

We hired some extra carriers to transport our truck to Pre. These carriers take fifty pounds apiece. Each country has its own ways of carrying its burdens. Turkey carries them on her back; India carries them on her head. In China, Japan, and Siam, they carry their burdens on bamboo poles. The carriers put twenty-five pounds on

one end of the pole and twenty-five pounds on the other end. They then carry the pole back of the neck on both shoulders or at the side on either shoulder. This is called a "Hop." When two men carry a hundred pounds on a bamboo pole between them, it is then called a "Haum."

After seeing our baggage off at Railhead, we started on our journey to Pre, the ladies going in chairs, we men and boys walking three miles to where we got the Siamese Royal Mail Coaches to Pre. These Coaches went pretty fast, stopping for nobody, not even herds of cows carrying packs on their backs. They would even run the bullocks into the ditch and go on. The only bad habit these mail coaches had was that of stopping suddenly and at uncertain intervals to rest their horses. Horses! Did I say horses? When riding in the Coaches, you would think you were in an auto truck until you would peer out over the front to within three feet of the ground and see some little scrawly, bony nags running themselves to death.

After two-thirds of the way had been covered, an accident occurred. The horses attached to Dr. King's coach ran

away, and he and Mrs. King and Robert barely escaped with their lives. The back wheel came off and spilled the occupants into the road, almost into a muddy, miry ditch along side. When Dr. King finally arose from the wayside and discovered that no one was badly hurt, he remarked in his good natured way:—"Why in the world can't they make a vehicle for a man to ride in, instead of such a baby carriage!"

At Pre we rested for the night at Mr. Gillies' house. Bright and early Wednesday morning we started on our real trip. Immediately on leaving the house we forded the Pre River. The river was about a quarter of a mile wide and almost swam our ponies. We then struck at once into the jungle.

Right here, before we start into the jungle, let me tell you a little bit of the kind of a trip we were going to make.

Ours was the only party of that kind and size that had ever undertaken to go through this jungle. The trip has been made by boat up the river. On such an overland journey there are many dangers to reckon with. Wild animals and venomous reptiles are numerous. Our party traveled one

whole day in a real tiger jungle, a jungle in which lived huge man-eating tigers. One such tiger had been seen just a few days before. But a thing to be feared even more than the wild animals and snakes is the deadly tropical fever. There was hardly a day but that one of our carriers would drop by the wayside from that awful disease. It is contracted from the bite of a certain kind of mosquito. Every night, before rolling in, we would each one fill up with medicine and spread over our lowly heads mosquito netting. If we had not accomplished that last said movement, we would have been not only eaten alive before the break of day, but filled with fever poison. But, even eliminating the dangers of wild animals, reptiles, mosquitoes, and such creatures of the jungle, one should carry heavy accident insurance on such a trip. Many a time we were obliged to ride on the very edge of precipices where if one foot of the sure-footed little ponies would slip, you would be all done with the horrors of earth. But, strange to say, as you will presently find out, our whole party escaped such fatal disasters. But by no means did we come through without

several hairbreadth escapes.

Having ridden an hour or so after entering into the jungle, over rocks, along narrow paths, on the edge of precipices, up steep sides of mountains, and in mountain streams, Dr. Reherd suddenly cried:—

"Ho! Ho! An elephant! You better make tracks, old fellow, or I'll knock a couple of your teeth out!"

Saying this, he dismounted and disappeared into the bush. The rest of us followed to see what he was up to. We came upon him standing over the carcass of his victim.

"Will no one praise me for my brave act?" he pleaded. "With this safety pin you behold here I stabbed him; with the same safety pin I skinned him; and with the safety pin I picked his teeth for him before knocking them out."

He held up two enormous elephant teeth weighing about ten or twenty pounds apiece.

"Pretty quick work that," my father agreed.

As we had only a little way to go before stopping for dinner, we decided to take the teeth along and bury them somewhere for safe keeping and, on

TAKING IT EASY: The Jungle is our home.

our return trip, dig them up and carry them back with us.

Soon after meeting Mr. Elephant, we came upon a dead horse stretched right across our path in the bed of the stream, leaving only a foot to pass. The horse had evidently fallen over the high precipice above. Here's hoping there was nobody on his back! That afternoon all of us sitting astride our ponies had plenty of time to dream of home and other things. While I was riding along whistling "Away down south in Dixie," I suddenly stopped, hearing sounds a little farther on in the jungle in front of me. Then came the mellow tones from the large frame of Dr. King, sitting astride a tired little beast, singing about the "Old Woman who lived over the hill."

"Here's where we make camp for the night," said Mr. Vincent, at about 6 P. M.

"Let's help make camp," said Wewe.

"No need of that," Bob replied. "The carriers and cooks are already here and are now cooking supper."

Gee, but that meal tasted good! We even had some Heinz canned pork and beans, clear from the U. S. A.

"Man, but it's raining!" reported Ed the next morning at 5 A. M.

"For the love of Ezekiel! I should say it is," I agreed. "Let's get up and look around a little."

But the rain never stopped our caravan. If we had stopped for the rain, as we found out later, we would have had to wait four or five days. That morning we started into thicker jungle still. We rode almost altogether in the beds of streams, over sharp rocks, up and down steep precipices. The trail was very rugged and mountainous.

That day, my father narrowly escaped his doom. He was riding up a steep rocky cliff when his horse, slipping on the wet rock, fell, throwing my father down the side of the rocks.

"Oh, Daddy," cried my sister, "are you killed?"

My father managed to keep from slipping far downward and finally regained his feet.

"Oh, Charlie," pleaded my Mother, "You must be more careful. You must be badly injured!"

"Only bunged up a little, I guess," replied "Charlie." "I would have been awful lonely down there without you folks," he added.

But his injuries were not so slight. One wrist was almost broken so he could use it hardly at all for several days.

Another accident occurred a few days later in which Dr. Reherd featured. He was riding down a similar rocky precipice when his horse fell, throwing him off, one foot catching in the stirrup. When his horse regained his feet, it went on dragging poor Dr. Reherd with him. After the life had been pretty nearly knocked out of him, he managed to free his foot from the stirrup. Let me tell you, he was in a sorry fix. We went with him to a nearby stream and there bathed his wounds and wrapped them up the best we could.

"Look," cried Bob, "we are coming into thick bamboo jungle."

We sure were, and the rest of our trip was through bamboo forests. Bamboo, bamboo, bamboo, everywhere. Bamboo on each side of us, in front of us, behind us, and above us. As I rode along, I was thinking what I would do with all that bamboo if I had it in America where it is so scarce. I could see fishing poles everywhere. But they take care of it in Siam. What the native doesn't use it for wouldn't be worth

using. He uses it to make cups, pails, all kinds of furniture, blow pipes for bellows, musical instruments, sails, matting, many kinds of baskets, poles for carrying stuff; with it he builds all kinds of houses and shacks. Some of the "Rest Houses" we were in were entirely built of bamboo; even the partitions and walls, and the mattings on the floor were all made of strips of bamboo.

The second night out, after making camp, we went hunting a little. But we only got a couple of parrots. After supper, we collected a lot of dry wood and built a big bonfire. Our whole party gathered around it and,—well, you know what kind of a time a bunch has when gathered around a big fire in the woods.

We three boys started a war dance around the fire, yelling and yelping in a pretty healthy manner, when, suddenly, we heard a commotion among the carriers, a little way off. Mr. Vincent went over to see what was the matter.

"What got into those Gazooks?" asked Bob, when Mr. Vincent returned.

"They are afraid that all the noise you youngsters are making will bring bad luck tomorrow, and perhaps arouse

JUMP ON: It beats a baby carriage

OUR LUNCH COUNTER IN THE JUNGLE

that tiger that is around this neighborhood. I had forgotten about him. I guess you fellows better tune down a little. When I came through here before on my way to meet you people, the tiger was carousing around and had already killed several bullocks. There is also a bad elephant in this vicinity."

"Wow! I guess I'll subside," I replied.

"You can bet I'll keep my peepers open for a couple of days, too," chimed in Wewe.

"Look out! A centipede!" yelled a native, as he brought a club down upon a little reptile a few inches from where my father was sitting.

"Whoopee! That's the second time in a couple of days, my life has come near ending. A centipede, was it?" asked my father.

"You're right," replied Mr. Vincent, "and one of the most poisonous vipers in the jungle."

"Say, it's a good thing that didn't penetrate your hide," remarked Dr. Reherd.

We feared the tiger might make us a visit in the night, but we awakened the next morning to find that no one had been carried off and that it was

raining still. My, but it rained! And did it stop? Yes, I guess it did NOT. We boys and all of us kept on the lookout for the breaking of twigs, the parting of the brush, and two fiery, gleaming eyes sizing us up. We also watched lest the bad elephant should come raging through the jungle, trumpeting death and destruction.

"If that tiger thinks I'm a good cucumber salad, as I slip down his throat, I'll say 'Da! Da!,' but—"

"Ed, you can stop right there," I said. "When that tiger gets you down him, I pity the poor fellow for a few days."

"That's all right," said Wewe. "Here's where I beat you a block on this old pony. Get-ap!" And both of us were off through the brush as far as our ponies could run. Sometimes the way was open and no one was missing; then we gave our ponies free rein.

At about 4:30 P. M. we arrived at a government Rest House, where we met the Chou Chi, the Son-in-law of the Chou Chou, the head ruler, formerly king over Laos. He had a whole pack of elephants with him. We invited him to dine with us. He accepted and

LOADING THE ELEPHANTS AT A JUNGLE REST HOUSE.

showed us many marks of hospitality on his part.

The next day it rained, that was all; it rained. We all looked like nine drowned rats. And, in the saddle, it is not so comfortable. That night, when we finally arrived at Lakawn, both of my hands were so numb I could have put them in the fire and not felt it.

The nine days we spent at Lakawn were certainly not to be regretted, although it rained the whole time. My father, after a couple of days at Lakawn, went on a three days' ride over the mountains, up to Chiengmai, to see the mission work in that remote place where only a few white people are found. Coming back to Lakawn with the missionaries for the Annual Conference, as he was riding over a high bridge beside Mrs. Collins, her horse slipped and fell throwing her almost over the bridge to the depths below. Thus the missionaries are every day risking their lives in that dangerous country, all for the sake of helping the millions of poor people who live there in most primitive ways.

"OH, THE SEA ! THE SEA ! ! THE CHINA SEA ! ! ! "

## Chapter XI

## "OH THE SEA! THE SEA!! THE CHINA SEA!!!"

ELL, boys," my father remarked, speaking to Dr. King and Dr. Reherd, "here's where we get a lot of literary work done. Nine days on this voyage! just think what all we can do in nine days!"

Yes, just think what one can do in nine days. I'm thinking, I thought; I'm still thinking what one could accomplish and what we did accomplish. Yes, I'm still thinking of those delightful, delicious, refreshing, life building, tissue strengthening, morally and physically wholesome nine days. Will I ever forget them? Will their sweet memory ever be fresh? I sincerely hope that it will comfort me in my grave. It is not saying too much that the sweet (?) music and comforting (?) sounds of that nine day interval in my wonderful career will come to my ears on the day of Judgment.

What will I utter as I am called upon to give an account of my relationship with the world during those nine days? Just two words. What two words? Can I utter them? "S-S-S-EA S-S-S-SICK!" Oh, my reader, were you ever really sea sick? Great Snakes and Little Fishes! For your welfare, I hope not.

Did the men do any literary work? I don't quite recollect.

It was the first time in our many voyages that **IT** got our party. But it sure got us then. The boat was a little Nord Deutscher Lloyd freight boat,—the Pitsanuloke. And our beds were cots on the Poop Deck, exposed to the stormy sky above, and below to the beating, surging, writhing sea. The Stern and the Bow took turns in going to the bottom of the Sea. When the Stern hit the bottom:—"Oh, my poor stomach!"

Question:—"Am I going to Hades?"

Answer:—"No, you are still on the Poop Deck of the Pitsanuloke."

When the Stern went up:—"Oh, my poor stomach!"

Question:—"Am I going to Heaven?"

Answer:—"No, you are still on the Poop Deck of the Pitsanuloke."

Now and then, when the boat rested for an eighth of a second from its turbulent proceedings, as it did at minute intervals, a heavy figure could be seen rising from its cot.

"Robert," sounded faintly the weak voice of Mrs. King, "don't jump overboard."

Robert, (approaching the rail) "I'm n-not. The hungry fishes haven't been fed since WeWe fed them thirty seconds ago, and I'm going to contribute." The next third of a second Robert contributed.

"Gordon," called the trembling voice of my mother, as I rose weakly from my cot, "where are you going?"

(Gordon, attempting to reach same destination as Robert), "I just saw a whale anxiously looking for its dinner, so I thought I would relieve its anxiety." During the next sixteenth of a second, the whale's anxiety was allayed.

Will I ever forget that night when our rigid forms were stretched on those cots on the Poop Deck? That night when it thundered as if a hundred Thors were at work, and the lightning made visible great canyons and chasms between the high leaping waves of a

wild and tempest tossed, treacherous sea. When the rain soaked canvas above our heads protected us just sufficiently for the rainwater to drip, drip, drip down upon us and saturate us by degrees, as the boat turned "half Gainers." Oh, how I then wished to be in my darling little bed at home!

Wewe got over the worst of it in a day. And, after two or three days, I felt well enough to go up on the bridge with the Captain. Every time the bow of the boat went down, when she came up she would bring half of the sea up with her; then the wind would sweep it right over the bridge. Whenever she did this, one of the officers would shout: "Look out! Here she comes! Everybody down!" And then we would all duck down behind the wind shield.

But I will place before your mind our South China Sea trip in a great deal better way by presenting to you two poems, one written by Dr. Reherd and one by Dr. King. Here they are:—

### A VOYAGE ON THE CHINA SEA.

By H. W. Reherd, A. M., D. D.

O, the Sea, the Sea, the China Sea, it goes on its way so merrily!
It bears the traveler from Siam on till he plants his foot on the Isle of Hong Kong.

'Tis a body of water of no great size, but the
weary traveler must realize
It is not wise to coolly despise this bit of sea
which just here lies.

We sailed it o'er on the "Pitsanuloke" with
Captain Reimers who loves a joke.
We had some paddy to weigh her down, and a
lot of coolies for a China town.
We sailed in January, 1912, I recall the date
so very well.
They said 'twas winter up Bangkok way; to us
it seemed like a summer day.

Seven months before from home we came to
enter on a "World Campaign;"
So, glad we were, to sail away on a five
months' voyage to the U. S. A.
We thought of the Philippines, and the Chinese
War, Japan and Korea to be seen be-
fore
We would take our ship and settle down for a
good long sail to Frisco town.

We had a book we were to write, to tell in
story form so bright
Of all we'd read and seen and heard of mis-
sions and the Holy Word.
On Syria's land and India's thought, our
chapters we had quickly wrought.
Of Siam now our story must be, as we sail
away on the China Sea.

So bravely down we settle to write, while
still the land we held in sight;
The task went well, there was no shirk, and
we got done a full day's work.

The Sabbath day next claimed our time; to have a service was our design,
But ere the hour of prayer had come, the preacher vowed he was undone.

It was the rolling of the ship that caused the divine to be so sick;
The congregation fared the same; upon the cot they quickly came.
So lowly laid the crowd that day, it was not just the fitting way.
But when the stomach doth oft rebel, you cannot keep the Sabbath well.

On Monday morn the waves were tame, so back to work again we came,
But ere it came to mid of day, our books and pens were put away.
And we were sad as the hours flew, because we had so much to do.
But no man writes with face and grace whose stomach leads a merry chase.

So in the cabin's safe retreat, we laid our work so very neat,
To aching heads and stomach's play, we gave our time throughout the day.
On Poopdeck then our cots were placed, the freshening air and sea we faced.
We cared no more for dining room fare, the same to us if the board was bare.

But Capt. Riemers he was so good, he joked and jollied us all he could.
He ordered "the boy" to treat us well,—what he didn't do would be hard to tell;

CAPTAIN REIMERS: The man who kept us alive on the China Sea.

He showed us sunsets with splendor grand,
reminding us of the glory land;
He showed us an island ablaze in the night;
for burning mosquitoes it was a fright.

He took us behind the islands three to show
us how quiet the waves would be;
He halted the passing steamer to ask if this
rough weather would surely last;
He asked us up to the bridge so high to get
a view of the sea and sky;
He told us how the monsoon blows, but the
coming weather—O, no one knows!

Yet spite of all the help we had our stomachs
felt—O, very bad;
In spite of all our friends could do, our joys
were very, very few.
Our steamer turned and pitched and rolled
like some contortionist of old;
She perched up high upon a swell,—then
plunged as if into a well.

Her nose went down, out came her screw, so
wild the motion it put us askew;
The sea swept high, her decks were drenched,
and every motion our feelings wrenched.
One night the mist and rain did fly,—our beds
that night were far from dry;
One day the air turned rather cold,—our coats
we hurried from the hold.

Thus on we sailed and held on tight till Hai-
nan Isle first hove in sight.
Then peace upon the waves was cast,—the
sheltering isle had turned the blast;

Then safely on to Hoihow bay our steamer
took its quiet way;
Our friends insisted we should stay, so we were
landed far, far away.

We said good-bye to one and all,—its boys
and mates and captain tall;
And while we went with friends along, the
ship sailed off to the isle of Hong Kong.
O, Captain Riemers of the Deutscher Lloyd,
your kindness filled an aching void;
We pray your lot may happy be so long as
you sail on the China Sea.

## THE SEASICK MAN.

By W. R. King, D.D., Ph. D.

Of all the sad sights, find if you can
.A sadder one than the seasick man.
He rolls and tosses upon his cot,
Cursing the sea and his dreadful lot.
The ship tosses to left and tosses to right,
It mounts in the air, it sinks out of sight;
It pitches and plunges and rocks and rolls,
While the sick man lies on his cot and scolds.
He watches the ship as she doth rise and fall
And wishes to Heaven he could stop it all;
He watches the waves all covered with foam,
And longs in vain for home, sweet home.
But the more he watches and the more he frets,
The more it rocks and the sicker he gets,
Till all at once he rushes to the rail,—
You can guess the rest,—it's the same old tale.
The Captain says, "It's pure imagination,"

But to him it's as real as all creation.
Others say, "It's a nerve of the lower brain,"
Says he, "It's in my stomach just the same."
You may talk and explain as much as you will,—
To the man on the cot it is seasickness still;
He cannot read and he cannot sleep,
He's unable to walk, he's too faint to weep;
So exhausted and weakened with the fray
He turns on his cot and begins to pray:—
"Ye gods have mercy and hasten if ye can,
The ship that carries this seasick man"
He repeats this prayer again and again,
With deep intercession and loud Amen,
Till finally his eyes begin to scan
The borders of the island of Hainan.
When he greets his friends, the mission folk,
He says, "Sure as you live, sailing is no joke!
A land lubber I'll be the rest of the years
I travel across this valley of tears."
So here's to the Captain of the Pitsanuloke!
Who sought to cheer us with many a joke!
Long may he live to sail the sea,
Prosperous and happy ever be;
And when at last his voyage is o'er
May he land safe on the happy shore,
Where there is no sea or occasion to scan
The haggard form of a seasick man.

At the end of the nine days, as Dr. Reherd has mentioned in his poem, we were met at Hoihow, Hainan, China, (an island 15 miles from mainland) by some more of our fellow countrymen.

Hoihow, Hainan, Feb. 3, 1912.

On the Pitsanuloke,

To Captain Reimers.

SUN SCENES ON THE CHINA SEA.

By C. E. B.

If on the China Sea you are sailing:
When the day is done, each evening
It shows a new display
Of beauty bright,—
A glory light,—
Before the King of Day
Drops out of sight
And to the night gives way.

So when the sun returns each morning,
If you should then be up and viewing,
You'd see a picture rare
In cloud and sky
To charm the eye
Painted on canvas air.
Such scenes saw I
In Captain Reimer's care.

The strait and bay at Hoihow are very dangerous, the steamers not coming into the harbor closer than a mile from shore. Our party, taking a Chinese sailboat junk, about 11 o'clock at night, required two hours to come into the harbor,—the wind being such that it was necessary for us "to tack." It was

1 A. M. when we arrived at the homes of the missionaries. After having a midnight meal, we retired for our first sleep on Chinese soil, which was then being disturbed greatly by the Revolution, yet which for the moment seemed a great relief to us compared with the stormy times we had been experiencing on the turbulent South China Sea. But we little knew what was before us.

# IN THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND OF HAINAN

WHEELBARROW IN HAINAN: The softest riding vehicle in existence.

## Chapter XII

## IN THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND OF HAINAN

EADY?" "Serve!"

Whizz-z-z-z-z,—ping!

"For the love of Mike, who is trying to puncture me?" I cried; and about twenty feet away from me a Chinaman began jumping around scared almost to death.

Now my reader may think that that whizz-z-z-z,—ping! which sounded within an inch of my head, was a tennis ball, served by Bob King,—on the other side of the net; but I can assure you that my opponent in a placid game of tennis was not so treacherous as to bean me with a tennis ball. No, that missile that journeyed through the ozone around my head was in the form of a mauser rifle ball, commonly called a bullet. It ended its flight about twenty feet from me, near a Chinaman working in the gar-

den of a missionary of Hoihow, Hainan.

"Say, but that almost got our goats!" yelled Bob, who had also felt the effects of having a bullet whiz past his head.

"Let's find the culprit," I cried, and we started out, but hunted to no avail.

"Such hairbreadth experiences we will probably have to look out for all the time we are in China," informed my father, when I told him of the narrow escape. "For," he continued, "the Revolution is now on in China; and every young Chinaman who can get one carries a gun whether he knows which end the shot comes out or not. It is the Soldier's day in China." All over the city of Hoihow, Revolutionary flags were waving, and the streets were crowded with boys and men dressed in Revolutionary uniforms carrying guns and swords.

We were spending several days in the city of Hoihow, the seaport city, and in Kiungchow, the Capital city of Hainan; before Mr. Gillman, one of the leading missionaries of that station, my father and myself were to start for the interior of the island. All around Hoihow, and Kiungchow, and in Hoihow, and within the very walls of the Mission Com-

A PILE OF LONG GUNS: Old time weapons in China

A PIG IN A POKE: This is the way they take pigs to market in China.

pounds, the Revolution had been raging. The walls and buildings of the cities were scarred and marred by shells from the battles. Many men had been killed. All China was aroused by the Revolution, and large bands of armed thieves and looters ran wild everywhere. This was especially true in the little island of Hainan, one of the most remote outposts of China.

As Dr. Reherd, and Dr. King with Mr. Campbell and Mr. Newton, two leading missionaries of Kiungchow, had decided to make a trip up the river, and as a part of our trip into the interior was also by way of the same river, we all started out together. We hired a Chinese boat for our whole party. The boat was about 30x8 feet and was covered with a bamboo, oval shaped, thatched roof,—not high enough, however, to permit us to stand erect. The boat was divided into about three little hen coops or compartments. To transport your humble frame from one compartment to the other you must crawl along the outside edge of the boat. These boats are propelled by wind, or pushed by boatmen with long poles and with fish-tail propellers.

"Look over there! There's something worth while seeing," said Dr. Gillman, as we came to the river. To the left we saw piled on the ground, about a score of old time muskets, ten feet in length, weighing about 45 pounds each. It required two men to handle each gun.

"These guns are going to be repaired and taken into the interior villages to be used in protecting the village people from the bands of thieves," remarked Dr. Gillman.

All that day was spent going up the river. Every now and then we saw a flock of wild ducks which would make juicy eating. That night, stretched out like logs, one beside the other, we slept until morning.

"Here's where we come to the parting of the ways," said Mr. Campbell, as we came to a big Chinese Market the next morning.

Mr. Gillman, my father and I, leaving the rest of the party there, started for the more remote interior, to Kacheck, on foot. Later in the day we secured a wheelbarrow and two sedan chairs. We made about twenty miles that day, stopping at Chinese Markets for our meals, consisting of pork chops

THIS IS THE WAY THEY NAVIGATE IN HAINAN.

and a bowl of rice. The places where we ate I will describe later.

"Here's where we rest for the night," announced Mr. Gillman as we came into a dirty Chinese village. What am I saying,—a dirty village? In Chinese style it would be called clean and healthy. Compared to most settled spots in Turkey it was an improvement. But to our American tastes, the Chinese Inn where we lodged that night was not wholly acceptable unto cleanliness. The Inn was situated in the village of Cading, on a "boulevard" 10 feet high and 4 feet wide. In China these fine (?) residence streets, 4 feet wide, have poles stretched from roof to roof which are covered with leaves and thatch, thus making the street 10 feet in height.

The night was just beginning to fall on the village of Cading when we three American foreigners arrived at the Inn.

"Have you a spare room in your hotel for a party of foreigners?" asked Mr. Gillman of the proprietress in Hainanese.

"Oh yes!" she replied, "I will be glad to show you a room."

As we approached the entrance I looked for the number but was disap-

pointed. The door was swung back and we were shown into an inclosure, the dimensions of which were 8x10 feet. The floor was of fine "Mahogany" mud, laid as level as could be expected, upon which rested three bamboo cot frames. This was all the furniture the room contained. We deposited our belongings on the cots and were then ready for supper. As the Inn only contained three rooms, everybody ate their meals in the main room on a table about 6x4 feet. Though it was not the custom to use any covering over the tables, we nevertheless did. The room we ate in was also furnished in mud and bamboo, with the addition of chicken roosts and cobwebs, harness hooks and cooking utensils, dogs and donkeys. Seated around in the corners were men smoking opium and tobacco. As I ate my bowl of rice I looked around me: below, under the table, a dog was sleeping peacefully. Around on all sides of us the chickens were busy filling their craws. In the door and doorways in front of the Inn, ten or fifteen pigs with one or two old sows, were squealing and grunting. The longer we ate the larger the crowd grew to watch us.

FORDING A RIVER

A CHINESE IRRIGATING SYSTEM MADE OF BAMBOO.
Notice trough

Having eaten, we prepared to retire. Our room did not have a single opening for air. The front "windows" were all boarded up.

"Can't we have these holes opened?" asked Mr. Gillman, in Hainanese, referring to the windows.

"No! No! Thieves! Thieves!" was the reply.

In that measly corpse-like, vile smelling stable stall four of us, including our "boy," tried to sleep that night.

Once when a missionary and his wife were sleeping in one of these inns, he was awakened by the startled cry of his wife saying:—"Oh, John, a big, fat rat just now fell right on the baby's face!"

Such is a "first class Chinese hotel" in interior China, owned and run by the Chinese. Lepers and dogs, horses and hogs, fowls and folks all occupy the same room, often at the same time.

At three o'clock in the morning my father was up and dressed, saying:—

'Let's get out of this hole before the bedbugs and lice get permanently situated on our earthly bodies."

But not to have you follow our trip too closely, which would take considerable time, I will just mention another

incident in one day's hard tramp before we arrived at Kacheck, our destination. All along the way we passed bands and bands of Revolutionary soldiers, and also Companies of local Militia, which had been organized by the different villages to ward off swarms of thieves. They carried all kinds of instruments of war; muskets, axes and great long knives; any kind of a weapon they happened to have in their possession.

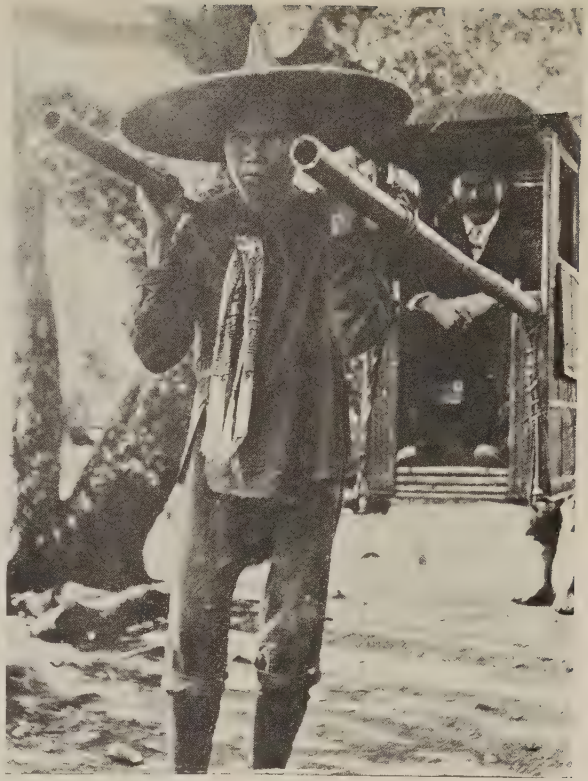
"Say, there has been something going on here," my father remarked as we entered a village, thrown literally into confusion. Chinamen were running all round through the streets talking excitedly.

"It certainly looks like something had happened," said Mr. Gillman. "I'll find out about it."

He returned presently and reported: "The militia had a riot with a gambling den, and one of the kid soldiers, trying to keep up to his reputation, started to shoot. A boy soldier by his side jerked the gun just as it was going off and he shot and killed an innocent Chinaman."

We spent Sunday in Kacheck in conference with the missionaries there at that time, Mr. Tappan and Mr. Byers.

ON THE WAY INTO THE INTERIOR OF HAINAN



IN A SEDAN CHAIR: As we often journeyed Inland

They welcomed us warmly to this far away station where they were doing a great work in the midst of great need. On Monday morning we started on our return trip. We rode horses the first day coming back and the sun beat down on us unmercifully. After another night in a Chinese inn where my father said the air was so thick we had to chew it to get it down, and after another long hard day's ride in the saddle, we came where we were to take the boat down the river to Hoihow. It was dark when we reached the river; it was also the night before the old Chinese New Year, and we could find not a Chinaman who would take us to Hoihow. "Thieves," was always the dreaded cry. The thieves had been making quick work of boats on the river at night. In our desperation we jumped into one boat and told the Chinaman we had to go because we had to take voyage from Hoihow to Hongkong the following day. In order to make doubly sure he wouldn't go, he tried to play a trick on us which my father and I quickly discovered. While Mr. Gillman was talking to some other men, this man quietly went to the back of his boat and bored a hole in the bot-

tom. When Mr. Gillman told him he had to go, he showed him the leak with the water rushing in. We saw it was useless to try to do anything with this man, and so finally we hired another boat at four times the regular price, because of the situation above stated. While these arrangements were being made our Chinese "boy" was continually pleading with Mr. Gillman not to go down the river at night.

"We will all be killed! We'll all be murdered!" he cried.

When we had made the bargain, they quietly asked us if we were not afraid to go down the river at night. They told us that there were thieves all along the river and that they robbed every boat they were able to overcome. We replied:

"No, we are not afraid. Go ahead and be quick about starting."

Then they protested: "We will not go unless we take soldiers with us."

"Hurry and get the soldiers, then," said Mr. Gillman.

Two minutes later there came a cry from the shore, and about ten men, including some soldiers, fairly flew from the shore into our boat. The next sec-

ond some one snatched our lantern and extinguished the light. Then all of them whispered in Hainanese:

"Get your guns ready and get out your knives! The robbers are looting the market and the whole surrounding country!"

During the excitement our boat pushed off into the darkness.

# SEEING CHINA DURING THE REVOLUTION

DR. SUN YAT SEN, TRAIN AND GUARDS AT PRESENT ARMS.

## Chapter XIII

## SEEING CHINA DURING THE REVOLUTION

SAFE at Hongkong!" exclaimed my father. We thought for a time, when we were on the river that night in Hainan, that the Chinese were going to get the best of us. But, although there was much shooting along the shore, by morning we felt like defying the world.

Br-r-r-r Bang! Br-r-r Bang!! Br-r-r Bang!! Bang! Bang!!

"Say, but these Chinese sure know how to use fire crackers by the wholesale," remarked Bob.

"Wholesale is right," answered Ed. "Look at that string of them hanging from the fourth story of that building to the ground!"

Our party had arrived at Hong Kong, China, a country which now was being

turned upside down by the Revolution. There was not a queue to be seen anywhere on the streets. Chinese men, clothed half in their native clothes, half in foreign garb, were seen parading around with the ends of their pants inside of their foreign socks, with the rubber supporters fastened around their legs on the outside. As Hong Kong is under the English, revolutionary results were not so much in evidence as in other southern cities, like Canton. Our party had planned to see China as thoroughly as possible in the short period of three months we were to be there.

As we all declared afterward, we could not have been in China and seen it at a better time. The Revolution was raging and things were stirring. Or, in good old slang, the country was full of "pep." No two of our many trips in and around China were alike. Each differed from the others in some ways. Take it from me, it would be some job to write in a few pages all the things we saw and did in that celestial country. Suppose you had come during the civil war to America, but were a native of some other country, and had happened in America just when that war was

PERFECT REPOSE ON A CHINESE WHEELBARROW.

A PEKING CART: "Drawn by horses hitched in line," i. e. Donkeys.

going on. Would you have anything to say about it when you returned to your own country? No, not at all! You wouldn't know what to say first. "That's me." But I will try to relate in my "miserable" style, as a Chinese writer would speak of himself, some of the things we saw and experienced.

The first city of importance we "landed" upon, after leaving Hong Kong, was Canton. And we happened to be there on George Washington's Birthday. Canton was a fitting site on the birthday of the Father of our country. The whole town was fortified. Hotels, streets and the European sections of the city were surrounded with sand-bag fortifications, and behind the sand-bags one could perceive the piercing black eyes of Hindoo soldiers, whom the English had sent over. They were protecting European rights from the Chinese, wild with a revolutionary and lawless spirit. The river at Canton, (Pearl River) was literally dotted with warships of all kinds, and belonging to all nations. The American flag floated from every one of them on that day, and it was a sight to behold.

Canton is certainly a typical Chinese

city, although the Revolution has changed it considerably. Perhaps you have heard the saying: "As long as you are in China, no matter where you go, a Chinese eye is always upon you." We certainly noticed the dense population of human beings in Canton; it has perhaps 2,000,000 people in its three sections: the New Outside city, the New Inside city, and the Old Inner city. We penetrated to the center and visited, among several other great temples, that of the Five Hundred Genii, in which was a bust of Marco Polo.

Back to Hong Kong from Canton we journeyed by a comfortable steamer, although the Pearl River banks were bristling with fortifications, all alive. From Hong Kong we took boat to Shanghai, not being able to go north through the interior by reason of the revolution.

"Say!" cried Bob, as we landed at Shanghai, "Either I've slipped a cog in the smooth working of my thinking apparatus, or else I see before my eyes a real street car. Is it possible, that after being hauled along in rickshaws, and being thumped and banged along on Chinese wheelbarrows, (invented, I sup-

CANTON: The great Southern Metropolis of China.

pose, for the purpose of helping one digest this delicate Chinese food), and being carried in bamboo chairs by two, poor, hard-working individuals, who try to breathe and put their feet down at the same time; or riding a donkey that had ground millet many an eventful day and now turned loose to assist one in making a certain destination, thinks she is still grinding millet and so insists on making circles;—after all this, is it possible that we behold an electric street car?"

It was a street car our party beheld, and knowing it might be many days before we might see one again, we all took a ride. With Shanghai as headquarters, we took many trips around that part of the country, visiting the cities of Ningpo, Yu-Yao, Hang Chow, and Soo Chow.

It was on our way to Nanking that we met the train carrying Dr. Sun Yat Sen; and we had the privilege of seeing that famous and note-worthy Chinese gentleman, and photographing him and his private car and company. The train, covered with Revolutionary flags, ran proudly into the station between two lines of loyal Revolutionary soldiers,

who stood with their guns at "Present Arms." It showed the Chinese patriotic enthusiasm for such a man and for their Republic, for which they were fighting. The stay of three days at Nanking was not spent idly in such a unique Chinese city. It is unique in being the ancient capital of the Ming dynasty and also in having much unoccupied ground inside the walls. There, we had the privilege of being present at the last session of the Provisional Assembly, where Dr. Sun Yat Sen was made the first President of the Republic. But one of the greatest sights we saw was the complete ruin of all of the Manchu part of the city that had taken place during the Revolution. Manchus, who a little while before were rulers of the city, were now going around the streets almost naked, begging for money to keep them alive. One day while there, we boys spent in scouting between two old Chinese forts, and we pulled off some good old frontier life.

Having gone all over that part of China, overland and up the rivers, in both modern and crude native ways, we took voyage from Shanghai on a North Deutscher Lloyd boat to Tsingtau, a

A CHINESE BABY CARRIAGE

A TYPICAL BEGGAR OF CHINA

German governed city. Spending a day there with Mr. C. E. Scott and the other missionaries, we started for Weihsien. Half way there, Mr. Scott, my father, and I left the rest and hoofed it around in the country, visiting country churches and school houses. At noon, having eaten a Chinese meal with chop sticks, we set out and walked ten miles over a sandy desert to the railroad station where we took the train, getting in Weihsien that night where we met the rest of the party.

The next stop of importance, two or three days later, was Tsinanfu, the capital of Shantung Province.

You notice the way I hurry in my narrative from one place to the other. If I stopped to say everything about any one special place, it would take two or three hundred pages to tell it. From Tsinanfu, accompanied by Mr. Johnson, we took the train to within ten miles of Confucius' grave. That ten miles was made riding across country in chairs, carts and wheelbarrows. Arriving at the town of Kufu, near Confucius' grave, we literally fought our way through the curious crowds, some of whom had never seen a foreigner, before

we stood at the celebrated grave of that great man Confucius, who lived five hundred years before Christ. A huge pile of earth, with only a big stone slab erected in front is all there is to it. However, at Kufu where Confucius was born is the most magnificent Confucian Temple in all China. After sleeping that night with the horses and mules in a Chinese Inn, we started back for the railway station the next morning. One of the villages we passed was packed with an intoxicated, wild bunch of Imperial soldiers, and for a time, it looked doubtful if our party would get away. At the station our party separated, part going overland in chairs to some unknown desolate part of that country, while the rest of us took the train for Yihsien, little dreaming about the kind of a night we were to spend.

Half way to Yihsien, we were met by Rev. C. H. Yerkes, from Yihsien, who told us that we had come as far as we could by train and said:

"We will have to go the rest of the way by chairs or donkeys."

This was news to us, as we had been told that we could go all of the way by train. If we took chairs we would have

THE WORTHY (?) GRAVE OF CONFUCIUS: The Uncrowned King

ANCESTRAL WORSHIP

to wait till the next morning to start.

"We have to get there tonight," said my father, "or we can't make it at all. Our time is precious in this country."

Mr. Yerkes thought a minute:—

"I'll tell you what we might do if you all care to risk it. There's a Hand car over on the track. The rails are laid to Yihsien, but only work trains now use the track. We can take the hand car by night. It's pretty dangerous, and it's a newly laid track, and there might be special work trains to interfere, and it's a run of thirty miles, and ——; but what do you say?"

"We'll risk it," replied my father.

CONFUCIUS TEMPLE COLUMNS AT KUFU: Notice beautiful carving of the five-toed Dragon foot, indicative of Royalty.

# A WILD NIGHT-RIDE ON A HAND-CAR

THE FAMOUS HAND-CAR: What do you think of it as a means of transportation?

## Chapter XIV

## A WILD NIGHT RIDE ON A HAND CAR.

THE Hand Car was secured. The baggage was piled on, then the bedding on top of the baggage, and on top of the bedding we piled our selves.

"All aboard! Let's go!" shouted Mr. Yerkes. But the coolies were not ready. There were eight of them and only four were needed to run the hand car. After scrapping it out with the other four coolies for about ten minutes, we finally got started. Away we flew on an unfamiliar and dangerous track, on into a desolate country, with the night pitch dark and a lantern giving light the enormous distance of ten feet ahead.

"Look out for the open switch ahead!" some one yelled, and we shoved on the squeaky brakes just in time. Having turned the switch, onward we

flew, thinking what we would get in America for fooling with switches. There were many grades on the track and when hitting a low grade we would go so fast it was impossible to see the numerous stations we passed. Every now and then we would pass soldiers along the track, who, instead of "canning" us off the high way, would "present arms" when we passed, thinking that nobody but officials would be riding along the track on a hand car at midnight. At times, crossing newly constructed bridges and feeling the track sagging, we were almost overcome with palsy, thinking of the dreaded fate that might befall us.

For three hours we rode along, going up grades like an ice wagon, and down grades like a California limited. We were going at the latter speed, and were within four miles of the mines,—the would-be-end of our hand car ride—when just about ten feet ahead of us, there loomed up something to smash into.

"Look out!"

"For the love of—"

BANG! Kerplunk! We had hit.

"Who's killed?"

"How many humans have been sacrificed for the cause?" were some of the cries that went up.

After much commotion and great exultation it was found that no one was seriously injured. We looked around for the object with which we had collided. Lo, and behold, it had disappeared! Had it evaporated in the air? On using the ear—one of our five senses—we heard, down the track a little way ahead—clickity click, clickity click, clickity click, clickity click! and we concluded that the vehicle was beating it for the hospital. We listened again. In the distance now:—clickity click, clickity click, clickity, clickity, click, click, click—Bang!!!

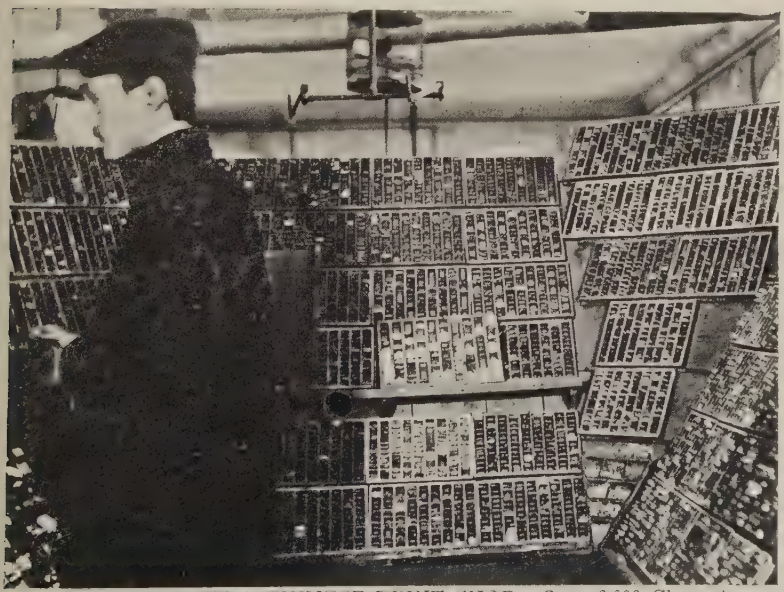
What next! We hastened down the track where the second collision had occurred, intent on gathering up the dead and wounded and carrying them to the nearest artificial limb, and "first aid to the injured" institute. But upon our arrival at the place, the whole matter was explained. The object with which we had collided was another hand car and the force of the collision combined with the down grade had sent that car along the track at a rapid rate of speed,

and the second crash was caused by that second hand car colliding with a loaded sand car, a quarter of a mile down the track. Woe to us, if that other hand car had not been between us and that loaded sand car! After a lengthy consultation we decided that the only way to get to the mines that night was to walk unless we wanted to dump the loaded sand car and the hand car off the track. You know the motto: "You can go nowhere in China but you will be in close relation to some Chinaman." So believing this theory, standing right where we were, we swung our leg in a revolving manner, and brought it up suddenly against the ribs of a Chinese coolie lying asleep peaceably on the ground.

"Coolies! Coolies!" we cried.

Up jumped two grinning Chinese, and we immediately weighted them down with our baggage. Then gathering up the remaining pieces of baggage scattered around on terra firma, we transferred ourselves four miles to the mines, where stood a special train waiting to take us on to the Mission Compound at Yihsien. This train was placed at our service without charge,

SHOEING A HORSE IN CHINA: Do you think he'll kick?



SETTING TYPE IN A CHINESE PRINT SHOP: Over 6,000 Characters.

by the wealthy Chinese mine owner.

But I will give you my father's description of that wild night ride, which will describe it to you better than I have described it.

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### GETTING THERE ON A HAND CAR.

By C. E. B.

Traveling in China inland
Is by chair or by donkey grand;
Or wheelbarrow which squeaks like geese
Because it needs a little grease;
Or Peking cart, not very fine,
Pulled by horses hitched in line;
Or else on foot, which latter way
Is best of all, unless, I say,
The railroad has been built; it's good.
These ways we tried, and still a mode
Of travel more we added to the role
While under C. H. Yerkes good control.
The rails were laid but trains were stayed
Thirty miles short of our goal.
It was night, but time was precious;
The road was being ballasted
With sand and stone. It would rush us
To wait for the work train Instead
We would try traveling on the new laid rails
And drive a hand car through the night ourselves.
The Railroad Superintendent
Said it was against orders to allow
Such liberties; but we were bent
On getting through that night no matter how.

There stood the hand car and our party six;
Eight coolies also were at hand;
True, they had never pumped a car; but sticks!
They must learn the ways of our Land!
No headlight had we but a lantern small;
No permit, but the road officials all
Were friends of the missionary;
We would take the risk and hurry.
But first a railroad strike was on our hands:—
Four coolies only could we take;
But eight said all must go. Commands
Were vain. "Be gone," we said, "we will
Break this strike, for we will run the car
Ourselves." This was too much by far
For Chinese coolies yearning for a ride
Upon a hand car the first time.
Soon four stood at the handle, side by side,
And Yerkes had his men all prime.
Our baggage all with beds and lunch were on,
And down the track in haste we sped.
"Go slower!" shouted Yerkes to his men;
"An open switch is just ahead!"
We closed the switch; we passed and threw the switch
Again; the main line now was reached.
A prayer went up: "God keep us from the ditch."
A whistle in the darkness screeched!
Was it a work train coming down the track?
Perhaps a special train was out!
We thought the way was clear and all hands back;
The train was in our rear, no doubt.
On, on, we sped. Each bridge we crossed we feared

AN AMERICAN MARINE ON THE PEKIN WALL: During the Recent Revolution.

SAND-BAG FORTIFICATION OF FOREIGNER'S SECTION, CANTON.

Might be our last. A pile of sand
A stone upon the track at times ungeared
Our car and left us undermanned.
Whiz! on we flew; the night was dark;
Our lantern cast a light not very bright,
But bright enough by its small spark
To show us rifled men on left and right
Of track, with guns at present arms.
They were the railroad guards upon their beat;
They let us pass with few alarms.
No doubt they thought we'd come to catch some cheat
And were relieved when we passed on,—
For they were off their guard anon.
And now for miles we flew along.
The hours passed without a song;
For we were all the time afraid
We'd fly the track going down grade;
Or strike some object in the dark
And wreck our car and miss our mark.
Three men of us rode the front rail
When all at once we gave a wail:—
"What is that ahead? down brakes!" Bang!
It all occurred so suddenly! No chance
Had we to charge or warn the gang,—
But only press the break and hold our breath
An instant, e're we met the crash,
Which might well mean that all are hurled to death
By reason of our certain smash
Into another car barring advance,
But thank God all are safe from harm!
We kept the track! No need for more alarm,
For we are near the Station now
And we can find the way somehow,

Although it's twelve o'clock at night
And we have bags which are a fright.
But we must quit the old hand car,
For just ahead the work trains bar
The way. A special train stands waiting us
One mile away upon another track;
So we take up our luggage without fuss
And leave the faithful hand car to get back
As best it may. We have too much to do
To quarrel with our tools, or fret and stew.
But we have learned the lesson once again
To take a hand car when you have no train.

---

Getting the special train at midnight from the mines, we arrived a few minutes later at Yihsien, Mr. Yerkes' station. The next day we took a train a little way out in the country where we saw the missionaries feeding thousands of starving Chinese. Coming through one of the towns we witnessed the horrible sight of scores of starved Chinamen lying around and in ditches, dead or dying.

The day after, we started back to the junction point of the railroad on donkeys, the ladies going in chairs. Arriving at the junction at night and finding "our" hand car there, (how it got back we never knew), we determined to take a flashlight picture of our crowd

TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING.

on that hand car. We got two Chinese coolies to light the fuse and when the flash came the frightened fellows disappeared with whoops and yells, never to be seen again.

But I must skip through Tientsin and other important cities and places, to Peking, the great city of the Chinese Empire.

The town was alive with the revolution, and many nations had soldiers guarding the different gates in the city and parading on the great wall surrounding the city. The Americans held the main gate. The Missionary Compound where we staid was closely guarded by Yankee soldiers and at night they would signal in semaphore from the church tower to the other American stations in the city.

We boys, knowing signalling pretty well, one night got up in a tower and cut in on the marine boys' signalling, making them a little peeved. At night the Yankees would sing good old American ragtime, and of "The Girl They Left Behind."

Our party explored the city all around. It was interesting to me to see the place where the missionaries

were held in the Boxer uprising and were compelled to live on horse and mule flesh, causing much sickness.

But the Great Wall near Peking is the great sight. Taking a train from Peking at 6:30 A. M., we arrived at our stopping place about noon. We put up at a hotel and then hired donkeys for the Ming Tombs trip.

"Get up, you old mule," cried Wewe to his donkey, and we were off.

The afternoon was spent in riding ten miles to the great Ming Tombs and ten miles back.

On the approach to the Ming Tombs, we went between long lines of stone animals,—horses, elephants, camels, lions, etc. These are said to guard the Tombs from any damage. We slept that night at the hotel and early the next morning took the train, a little farther on to the famous Great Wall. The wall is about 2,152 years old. It is a magnificent and wonderful sight to see that wall, 20 to 30 feet high and about 25 feet wide, stretching for miles and miles over mountains and down into valleys, never seeming to end, but encircling the world like a great band. It is peculiar and interesting to see in

WE'RE HERE BECAUSE WE'RE HERE: Where? On the Great Wall of China.

some places on the wall telegraph wires and poles of modern time running on top of a wall over 2000 years old. In some places it is built right along the edges of cliffs, thus making the wall several hundred feet higher. The Great Wall is a task that the Chinese, over 2000 years ago, were only a few years in building.

We boys and men explored all over the Great Wall in that vicinity, climbing along the sides and finding many hidden rooms and secret passage ways. We then returned to Peking.

After seeing the Great Temple of Heaven or Temple of the Sun, and other great sights of the famous city, our party journeyed back to Tientsin, where we took boat to Chefoo, the home of that great missionary, Dr. Hunter Corbett. The time we spent at Chefoo was certainly worth while and delightful, and we left there one night at 6 P. M. on a little tub for Manchuria, with a feeling of regret.

"You will have a rough and sloppy trip on that little ship," informed the missionaries.

"Oh-h-h-h," I groaned with a funny feeling in my stomach already.

"Ugh," grunted Ed.

"Whoopee," exploded Bob. "Good night! Oh for Home, Sweet Home!"

DR. CORBETT IN SHENZA: His method of itineration for fifty years in China.

# IN THE LAND OF PALM AND PINE

## Chapter XV

## IN THE LAND OF THE PALM AND PINE,—THE PHILIPPINES

"Oh, the Star Spangled Banner!
And long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave."

WAS there ever a sight more dear to our eyes than the one we saw when we came into Manila and the Philippine Islands, and beheld that "Star Spangled Banner" floating in the breeze, and American life and luxuries surrounding us everywhere? What a delightful change from the British colonies! And, oh, what a difference between those plume-decked dolled up English soldiers, and the rough and hardy Yankee boys dressed in khaki, ready for business! Let me tell you, my reader, if you lack love for this good old America, go abroad and

look around till your eyes sting with the sight, then journey over to the Philippines or to some other American locality, and if you are not whooping and yelling for the good, old U. S. A. and its ways within fifteen minutes, you were born wrong and you better try it over again.

At the end of the last chapter, we were starting to float out on the deep in a little tub for Manchuria, but I am taking you with us now for the present over to the Philippines, where we journeyed from Hong Kong, before exploring North China and Japan.

We came into the Manila harbor about nine o'clock at night. This Manila harbor, I think is about the greatest harbor in the world; at any rate, in the eastern part of the world. It is 20 miles long and is surrounded by the Island of Luzon. Entering the harbor, you pass between two islands,—Luzon and a little bit of an island upon which is placed a fort, commanding the entrance of the Harbour. On coming in, we saw Manila ablaze with electric lights. On the right side of the Harbor is Cavite, the United States Naval Station.

COCK FIGHTING: The national gambling sport of the Filipino.

"How long are we going to reside in Manila?" asked Ed of my father.

"Only about two or three days, now," he replied. "We are going to take a trip down through the islands, as far as Dumaguette, about 500 miles south, on the Negros island."

"Let's get busy, and see all of this fine, old Yankee burg we can," said Wewe, and we all agreed to do so.

Fort McKinley was one of the many sights we saw there. Fort McKinley is purely one piece of America with not even a Filipino in the place except the servants. A fine car line runs out from Manila to the Fort. At the station a big army coach waited to take us around. It was drawn by two fine, good, old American mules. We passed many splendid homes where the officers and their families live. Once or twice we saw groups of prison soldiers at work on the roads. We visited the Club House, the Soldier's Y. M. C. A. and other public buildings for the soldiers. The boys looked as though they could clean out any two nations in the world. Yes, even England and Germany. In the distance we could hear the many shots at target practice. We have sta-

tioned at Fort McKinley about 12,000 men.

While we are going around Manila through the different islands, perhaps it would be well to say something about the Filipino people. Of course the race has many different kinds of people, and they have different languages and customs; but the Filipinos we ran across wherever we went in the islands, especially those who were at all civilized, I like best of any foreign race we have seen. Perhaps it was because they are so thoroughly Americanized.

The Filipinos go around Manila singing the Star Spangled Banner, and many other national songs, not to mention the number of American Rag times they know. Most of the Filipinos around Manila know English, and also in other islands many speak it. As to baseball, they understand and play it like any professional. I'm confident the Cebu High School team, which is coached by a missionary, the Rev. George W. Dunlap, formerly a professional ball player, could come to America and clean out most any high school or college team. Perhaps the fact that they play the game so well is because it

NATIVE FILIPINO HOME: They put on clothes to have this picture taken.

is played all the year around. The Filipinos, Americanized, are a fine race of people!

Besides being American, Manila is about the prettiest city I have seen, anywhere. The parks and boulevards are beautiful. All the parks have band stands, and almost every night in the week a military band gives a concert. The parks and public places show the tropical scenery of the Philippines. Besides being beautiful, Manila has some of the largest and most modern institutions in the East. The Government Hospital is the largest and finest hospital in the Orient. The Manila Hotel, which is just finished, is also the largest and finest in the Orient. Manila has fine High schools, medical colleges, and many other educational institutions. When our government took over the Philippines, the first thing she did was to ship over 500 American school teachers at one time. The old walled city is very interesting for its historical connection, although, it is a very small part of Manila. The Bilibid Prison in Manila is said to be the greatest of its kind, if not the largest in the world. The two wheeled carriages of Manila are

the best kind of vehicles I have seen anywhere. The street car system, though requiring six cents fare, is very good.

But let me take you with us on a long voyage south, into and among the Islands where our party spent almost two weeks. The boat we took from Manila was the Romulus; and although it flew an American flag, it was commanded by a Spaniard. After a day and a half on the boat, we landed on the island of Cebu, at Cebu City, where Magellan landed four hundred years ago. Mr. Dunlap and other missionaries met us at the dock. On our way from the boat we crossed a railroad track, and looking up the track, there loomed in front of us an American engine, with a bell and a whistle that sang out a familiar tune. It was the first "real," proper looking engine we had seen since leaving America. In the interior of this Island, one sees some of the wild and primitive tribes of the Philippines, living in rude huts, under palm trees and dressed in the natural, corsetless, painless way—their birthday clothes. On all these islands you may see Filipinos going around with their

MR. GEORGE W. DUNLAP: The Baseball Missionary.

THE AUTHOR AND AGUINALDO'S SON

pet fighting cock under their arm, looking for some other human with another cock with whom he can start the famous cock fight.

Taking a boat no bigger than a tug, the next night, we left for Dumaguete. As the little tub plowed out to sea, in the moonlight, we sang rag times and good old American songs. That night we boys laid our forms on the open deck of the little boat and slept peacefully until 3 A. M., when we arrived at Dumaguete. As we looked from the boat to the island, a half mile away, the scene was beautiful. There on the beach stood Silliman Institute, the Mission school for boys, surrounded with palm trees and with beautiful mountains in the distance. The week I spent there was fine. The bunch of missionaries there were mostly young and full of life. I had plenty of baseball, horseback riding, some tennis, a Filipino ten course dinner, and swimming on an average of twice a day. I became acquainted with a lot of Filipinos there at Silliman school, and they were the finest natives I have met anywhere. Among those acquaintances were Aguinaldo's two sons.

Our party left there one night at midnight on the smallest craft afloat around the Islands—the Isabella—a Chinese freight boat. The missionaries themselves, in their pajamas, carried us through the surf, or breakers, on their backs to the row boat which took us out to the Isabella. I will present to you a poem by Dr. H. W. Reherd, which describes our trip back from Dumaguete to Cebu very well:

ON THE ISABELLA.

"Oh, the charming Isabeller,
She is good for any feller,
If he's green or if he's meller,
If he has no streak of yeller.

She did go from Dumaguete
When we sailed her rather lately,—
They did send us off so nately
And we rode her very stately.

Sleep we got with ne'er a piller
Just above the old propeller.
Then we heard the cookie beller
As he came up from the cellar:

Eat you now this food so yeller,
Served first class on the Isabeller!
Hold you fast your good old smeller,
It's not needed on the Isabeller.

Oh, the charming Isabeller!
If I owned her, I would sell her.
When I see my wife, I'll tell her
How I sailed on the Isabeller."

Cruising around the Islands in this manner for more than one thousand miles, and taking in the beautiful scenery all around us, now and then seeing volcanic mountains flaming and smoking, we finally landed again at Manila.

After filling our eyes with good things for two days, we tore ourselves away from the Islands, for Hong Kong, by taking the Yuen Sang, a very crazy little boat with berths so fine that people preferred to stay in them rather than get up. The trip lasted three days, and when over, and we were all gathered again on deck, we surveyed each other with balloon-like eyes, and sorry looking faces. For some reason or other the little float didn't stay level in any way and didn't ride like it ought to; but to find the reason you could just casually and cautiously glance out of your port hole, or stateroom door, toward the China sea, and behold waves, 30 to 40 feet high, playing rough and

tumble with the boat and each other, and then you could understand why the grips, valises, and carryalls made continuous trips from one side to the other and why you, yourself, were also continuously being slung around like a tin can, and came bang up against the wall or floor which you never really intended to injure. But I have dwelt long enough on the subject and will stop for the good of all mankind.

THE ROAD TO THE CASTLE, KANAZAWA.

# KOREA, JAPAN, AND THE LAND THAT BEATS THEM ALL

A FAMOUS KIOTO PRIVATE GARDEN

## Chapter XVI

## KOREA, JAPAN, AND THE LAND THAT BEATS THEM ALL

'VE found him!" cried my father, triumphantly, as he held up before our view an ungainly human bone,—the humerus,—which he found in the wreckage of one of the Port Arthur forts.

"It's part of the same man, perhaps," he went on, "that threw the bomb that blew up this fort full of Russians, and blew himself up in the bargain."

"Those little nervy Japanese were right there when it came to grit," agreed Dr. Reherd; "but how do you know but that this piece of human anatomy was at one time part of an humble Russian?"

"Too small!" replied Dr. King. "It looks just like the upper arm bone of one of those little Japanese."

"Oh, I've met the same little gentleman all right who threw the dynamite bomb that blew up this fort," cried my father, "and I'm going to take this much of him home with me for our Curio room."

"It might be the same little chap," put in Ed, "but let's explore some more of these old forts and battle grounds where the Japanese and Russians fought it out."

Our party had arrived at Port Arthur and were exploring all around that famous spot of the Japanese-Russian squabble. From Chefoo, we had landed at Dalny (Dairen) ; and from there, under the leadership of Dr. and Mrs. T. C. Winn of Dalny, we moved our forces to Port Arthur to survey this scene of the Japanese-Russian conflict.

We had toiled away and climbed to the top of 203 Metre Hill,—the hill which the plucky Japanese army had charged up under the deadly fire from the Russians, the summit of which was in their possession, but which the Japanese captured at a cost of 20,000 men.

"Say! but that was some charge those little fellows made up this hill!" exclaimed Wewe, as he sat down on a rock

THE KOREAN SUN HAT: Not a clothes basket.

on the hill-side to recuperate from his laborings toward the summit.

"You bet it was!" agreed Bob, "and they carried their firearms and ammunition with them, too!"

We explored around the vicinity of Port Arthur the rest of the day, picking up some interesting relics from the scenes of battle, until we boarded a train for Korea, the land of the "Top-Knots."

At 6 P. M. the next day, we crossed the Yalu River **via.** Mukden, the border line between Manchuria and Korea, where we met Rev. W. B. Hunt,—a fine, big fellow and one of the "get up" missionaries of Korea. From then on we spent two weeks touring Korea. At Seoul, the biggest Mission Station in the country and where a great many Americans reside, we boys got up a scrub baseball team composed of Americans and played a Korean High School team. We thought we had them beaten from the start, but we were sure off.

"Come on," cried Wewe, with lots of pepper, "right at 'em, Yankees, old boys. We've got their scalp already."

But before two innings had passed, they already had our scalp, for those

Korean youngsters could sure play ball. We, on the other hand, none of us having played together before, had a rotten battery, a rather poor infield, only two pill chasers in the outfield, and last of all we couldn't connect with the pill. The Koreans, galloping around the bases and jabbering away at our aggregation in their native tongue, had, at the end of the game, piled up fifteen scores to our three.

"For the love of America, we are sure rotten!" said Bob; and I agreed with him. But with nine youngsters from home, I could guarantee the score would have been different. In both Korea and Japan, base ball is becoming the national game and they play it everywhere.

"Say," exclaimed Ed, as we boarded the train for Taiku and Fusan, "do you know, old pards, that every day we are getting nearer to that dear old Republic across the seas, nearer to Home Sweet Home? Say, but I'd like to get a glimpse of that Yankee country! Come on, children, let's be moving."

Three or four days later we left Fusan on a little Japanese boat for the beautiful Islands of Japan. Japan is

IT'S ALL MADE OF JAPANESE WOMEN'S HAIR: Their offering for lifting large timbers in place at construction of Buddhist Temple, Kioto.

certainly a picturesque country. It's landscapes, villages, cities and its people are surely something unique and of great interest to the tourist. The Japanese are a careful and suspicious bunch when it comes to dealing with foreigners in their country. No tourists can take a picture within six miles of any fort, and their laws regarding foreigners are enforced by means of spies who are pleased to accompany you a little way in the distance. Our attention was called to that fact by Bob who came running up exclaiming:—

"See that bunch over there? Spies are on our trail already. Ishquabibble, though!" he added.

From then on, we three boys in a very indifferent manner, watched the little fellows closely. We all came to that conclusion.

Our party was met at Shimonoseki by Rev. J. B. Ayres, one of the leading missionaries of Japan. Getting rickshaws, Mr. Ayres took us to the site of a new missionary compound which was going to be built.

"Better take a picture of this site, son," suggested my father to me.

"This is within six miles of a fort, but

then we should bibble," put in Ed.

Taking out my kodak and focusing it on the site I was to take, I was about to press the bulb when from the right of me came a shout, and out from the bushes near by came one of those brown little Japanese which we had picked out as spies.

"Well, I'll be hanged," I exclaimed. "What do you think about that, folks?"

"No take picture!" he cried. "No take picture!"

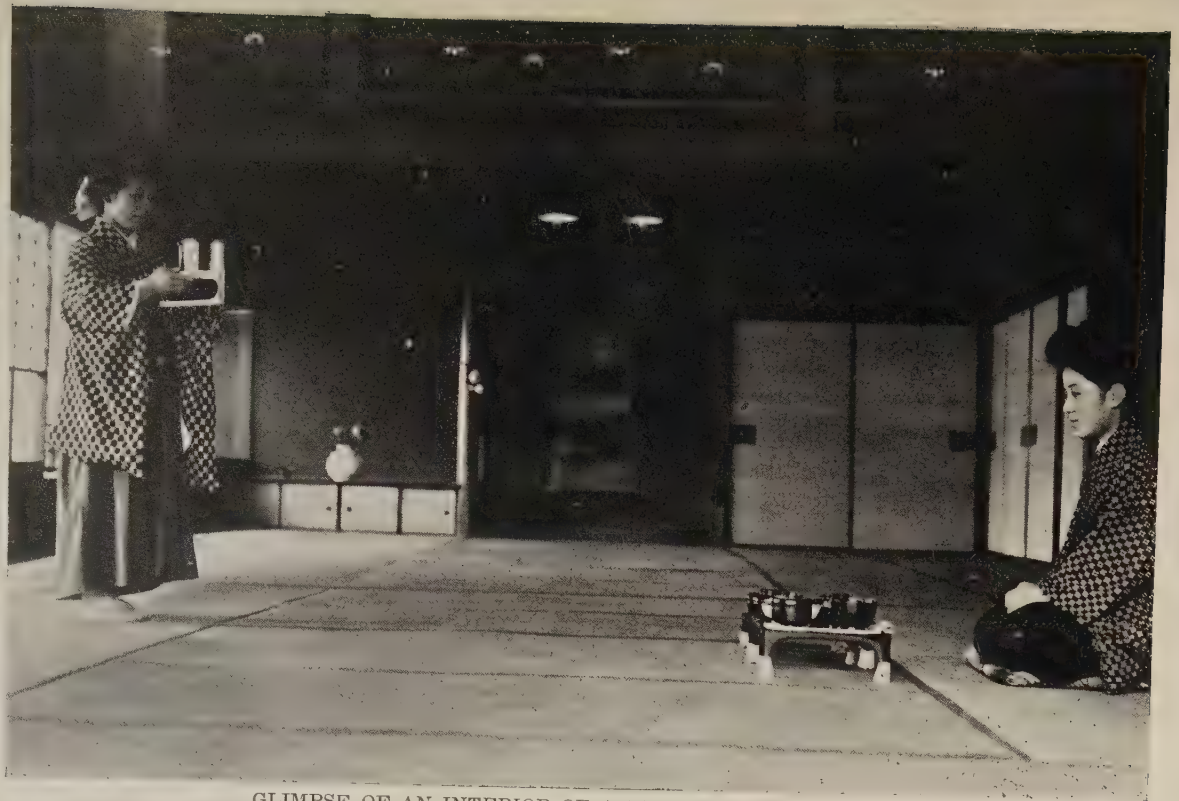
"All right, pardner!" answered Dr. Reherd. "I guess we won't as long as you keep on our heels like this."

As we started away the little native vanished as quickly as he had come.

We accompanied Mr. Ayres to his station at Yamaguchi and spent the afternoon playing tennis. That night we three boys resided in a native house, sleeping on Japanese mats.

"Say, old Kiddoo," exclaimed Wewe, dancing around in his pajamas and bringing his fist violently down upon Bob's shoulder, "do you know that in a few days we'll be hitting it across the water for home, to a country that is a country?"

"Say, old Kiddoo!" cried Bob, catch-



GLIMPSE OF AN INTERIOR OF A JAPANESE HOME.

ing Ed by the hair, "do you know that when we hit the water's edge you're going to the bottom of the sea if you don't stop humiliating me?"

The next day we left for the beautiful island of Miyajima. It is certainly a delightful spot and a wonderful summer resort. It is said that no one ever died on that island. That night saw us at Hiroshima. We arrived hungry from a day's trip, but our hunger was quickly satisfied by a big, hearty Southern dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hereford.

While my father and mother wandered off to some other section of Japan, and across the Inland Sea to Matsuyama to see Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Worley, the rest of us went to Kobe, one of Japan's largest cities. After exploring Kobe for two days and being joined by the rest of the party, we took a North German Lloyd Steamer for Yokahama. Making Yokahama our headquarters, we made numerous excursions around Japan to such places as Tokyo, Kioto, Kanazawa, Osaka and other interesting points.

"And just think, boys!" exclaimed my sister, "in a few days we leave for the

Hawaian Islands and the good old U. S. A.!"

"It certainly sounds good," agreed my mother.

"It's the best thought I have had for a long time," said Mrs. King.

"Oh you folks don't want to go home yet, do you?" the men kept saying. "Let's turn around and go back again the way we came."

"Not on your life," put in Ed. "I can almost catch a glimpse now of that good old Yankee country," he remarked, as he gazed out across the big Pacific Ocean.

In truth, we were a homesick bunch. We had been gone now a year and though a year is not so long, it seemed ten years at that present time. We had been on the move constantly since we left home. The longest stay made at any one place being Rome. Many places were limited to a day or two and some to a few hours or minutes. In that time we had seen so much that nothing now seemed at all fascinating or interesting. Many of our experiences I have told you about, but there were still others I would like to have mentioned but was not permitted to do so on account of

PEASANT FISHER WOMEN OF JAPAN.

lack of space.

Our party by this time were almost like one private family, after experiencing a year of travel together such as we had done.

Two or three days before we sailed, we enjoyed the sight of hundreds of American flags floating in the breeze in Yokahama on Decoration Day.

"We're off!" cried Wewe, as our palatial Tenyo Maru ocean liner, of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha line, moved slowly away from the port. "Farewell, little fellers!" he sang out to some Japanese coolies on the wharf. "When you get tired of this little island, come over to America and see how it strikes you! Banzai! Banzai!"

We were off for a seventeen day trip across that big Pacific Ocean and we enjoyed every day of it. We played indoor baseball, went swimming, played many kinds of other games and last of all had plenty to eat and read. The wireless newspaper kept us informed on world events each day.

After twelve days at sea, we arrived at the Hawaian Islands;—like the Philippines, another grand old piece of America. Everywhere one could smell

the pepper trees and tropical fruits; the mountains and islands about Honolulu are wonderful in scenery. It is here that they have such fine surf-riding; but surf-riding is not a stunt that anyone can pull off. I would like to have stayed in Honolulu two or three weeks, even in my state of home-sickness. It is so much like America with the tropical side added thereto.

Early on the morning of the fifth day out from Honolulu, we awoke to behold the shore of our native land. Let me tell you, there was not a sight I enjoyed so much on the whole trip, not even the sights we saw which were considered the greatest in the world, as that sight of the United States that I saw on that early morning as we approached the Golden Gate; then we soon beheld the great city of San Francisco —just one year from the day we steamed out of the New York City harbor.

The whole morning was spent in getting all of our possessions through the custom house.

That day a telegram reached us making it necessary for our family to start east immediately. A few hours later

our whole party was gathered at the station. Old times and experiences were being talked over one by one. Train time was fast approaching and good-byes were being said.

"Folks!" exclaimed my father, "we'll have to take another trip like this sometime. How about it?"

"We're all with you on that deal," everyone shouted eagerly.

The next minute the train moved slowly out of the station.

FINIS.

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